Vol. CXXIX. No. 1814.

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[September 21, 1938.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 21—September 27

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CAN WE TELL?—Maurice Colbourne has produced this controversial play about a self-made industrialist, starring Edna Best and Jack Hawkins: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams leads in his own play, with Sybil Thorndike as his schoolmistress in a Welsh mining village: Duchess, 8.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Dodie Smith's new play features John Gielgud, Marie Tempest, Leon Quartermaine, Angela Baddeley: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals between men working in a fortress; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, and a woman fellow-worker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HENRY V.—Ivor Novello's Shakespeare production; he plays the King, Dorothy Dickson plays Katharine, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Chorus: Drury Lane, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE LAST TRUMP.—Seymour Hicks takes over the lead in James Bridie's play, from Malvern: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esme Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THOU SHALT NOT.—An English version of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, with Nancy Price in the chief part: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—A charming production of Bridie's joyful play; Romney Brent as Tobias, Robert Eddison as the Angel, Edana Romney and Eliot Makeham: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS.—Sir Arthur Pinero's play, from Buxton, opens the Old Vic season. 8.0.

With Music

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a nautically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PAPRIKA.—The new Maschwitz musical is set in Hungary, with Anthony Eustrel, Barbary Bory, Malcolm Keen: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 109.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

"Running Riot"

It is hardly necessary to explain that this scene ends up by the three sloshing each other with their truncheons. It is an old Gaiety custom with Hearne, Henson and Emney, and tradition sustains no setback in the new show there

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Palladium (6.25 and 9; Wed., Thurs., 2.30); and the Prince of Wales' (2.0.–11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Robert Speaight as Ulysses and Robert Harris as Troilus, in a modern dress production: Westminster, to-night, 21st.

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, Thurs., 22nd.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, Fri., 23rd.

CINEMAS

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO (American).—First-class entertainment for the fourth form, with Gary Cooper as Marco, Sigrid Gurie his princess, Basil Rathbone and George Barbier: Odeon.

THE EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA (German).—Luis Trenker and Viktoria von Ballasko in the Tobis American historical film: Studio One.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland in a spectacular and exciting historical: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JOSETTE (American).—Simone Simon has amatory adventures with Don Ameche and Robert Young: Gaumont.

THE MARKED MAN (French).—A fairly good spy film with Jean Murat as the ace, Viviane Romance as queen; also *La Grande Illusion*: Berkeley.

MATERNITÉ (French).—Francoise Rosay's classic: Rialto.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK (British).—Conrad Veidt plays the Stranger, helping the lives of Renée Ray, Anna Lee, Mary Clare: Curzon.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

ROYAL DIVORCE (American).—Ruth Chatterton leads in the film of the play: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (American).—Another exciting slice of American history, salmon pirates in the Alaskan icebergs this time, with George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour: Plaza.

TEST PILOT (American) and STRANGE BOARDERS (British).—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy in one, Tom Walls and Renée St. Cyr in the other: Tivoli.

THREE LOVES HAS NANCY (American).—Janet Gaynor in a knockabout comedy between Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone: Empire.

UNCLE MOSES (Yiddish).—Maurice Schwarz in a gripping story of New York's East Side Jewish quarter, where the old racial Judaism mingles with new Americanism; also *Le Roi S'Amuse*: Academy.

VIVACIOUS LADY (American).—A pleasant comedy for Ginger Rogers, with James Stewart and Charles Coburn: Regal.

BALLET

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO.—Massine is first dancer and artistic director: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last 3 days).

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 21ST.—Bach's 6th Brandenburg concerto, 51st Church cantata (Jo Vincent), concerto in D minor for two violins and strings (Fachiri and D'Aranyi), Handel's 11th organ concerto (G. D. Cunningham).

THURSDAY, 22ND.—Three soloists in a Mozart, Debussy, Delius, Elgar, Strauss, Franck, Moussorgsky programme.

FRIDAY, 23RD.—Beethoven concert; songs (Heddle Nash), Emperor concerto (Egon Petri), 2nd symphony, 1st Leonora overture.

SATURDAY, 24TH.—Rachmaninoff concert; songs (Slobodskaya), piano concerto in C minor (Moiseiwitsch), 3rd symphony; also Strauss, Chopin, Wagner.

MONDAY, 26TH.—Wagner concert, with three vocalists; excerpts from the operas.

TUESDAY, 27TH.—Mozart concert; songs (Joan Coxon), piano concerto (K. 488) (Myra Hess), clarinet concerto in A (Frederick Thurston).

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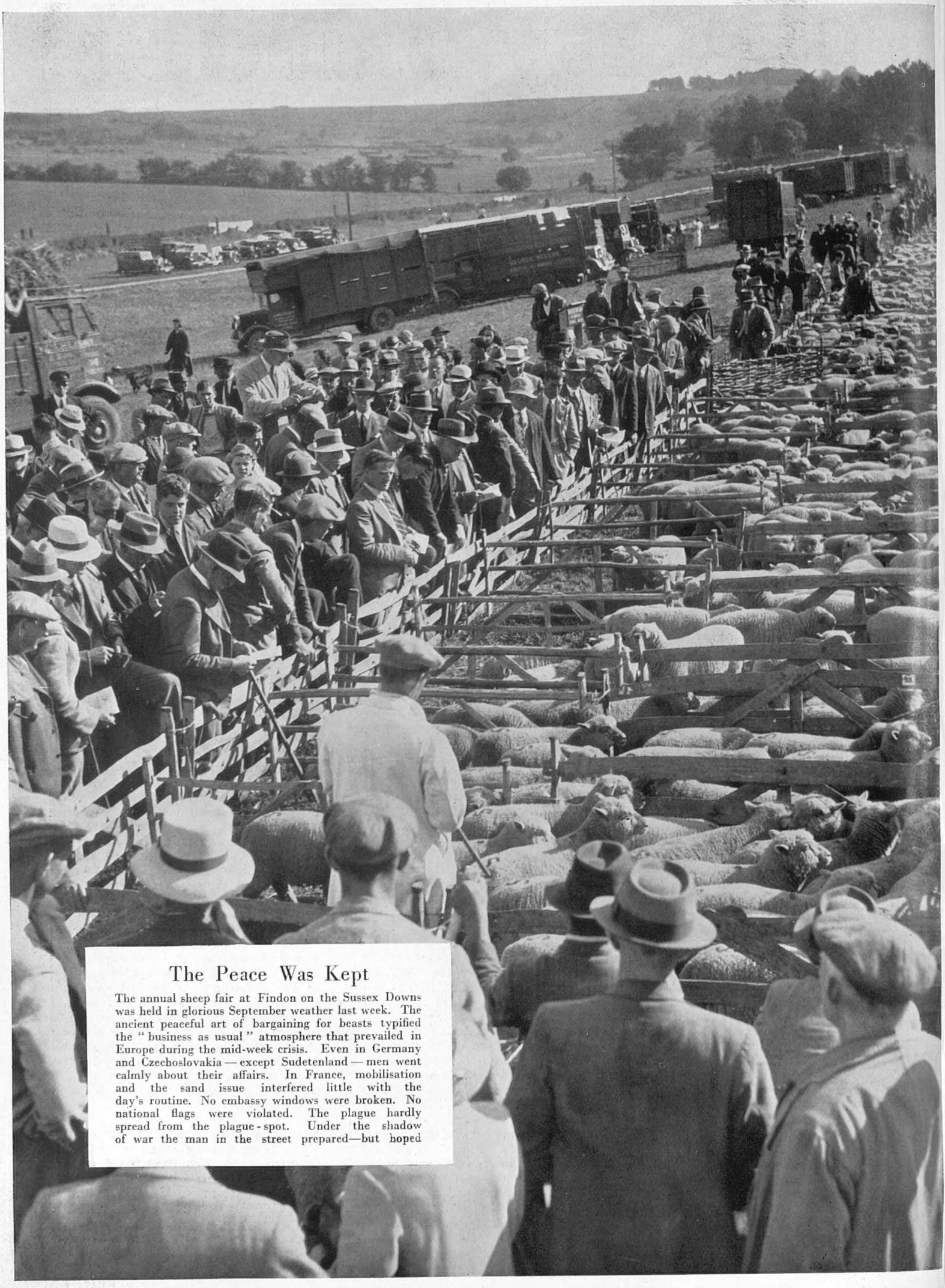
The Bystander

Neville Chamberlain, Passenger to Berchtesgaden

Let us go back, as the history books say, to last Thursday morning. At 7.30, before many citizens had learnt the news from their papers, Mr. Chamberlain left Downing Street for Heston. At 8.30 he waved gaily to Press photographers, to Lord Halifax and Baron von Selzam, then the door of one of British Airways' new Lockheed Electras closed on him, and the pilot, Comdr. C. N. Pelly, throttled up for Munich. Meanwhile Embassy staff from Berlin, as well as crowds of news-hawks, converged on to Berchtesgaden. Germans read the news with no editorial comment. Frenchmen read Mme. Tabouis' prediction of brutal speaking from Hitler. Czechs were astonished and cautiously relieved. *The Times* cleverly summed up: "Herr Hitler, as Mr. Chamberlain's practical mind recognised, held the key to the situation"



The Peace Was Kept

The annual sheep fair at Findon on the Sussex Downs was held in glorious September weather last week. The ancient peaceful art of bargaining for beasts typified the "business as usual" atmosphere that prevailed in Europe during the mid-week crisis. Even in Germany and Czechoslovakia — except Sudetenland — men went calmly about their affairs. In France, mobilisation and the sand issue interfered little with the day's routine. No embassy windows were broken. No national flags were violated. The plague hardly spread from the plague-spot. Under the shadow of war the man in the street prepared—but hoped

The first meeting *between Dr. Seyss-Inquart, Nazi leader in the Ostmark of Germany (Austria) and Conrad Henlein, would-be Nazi leader in another German province, took place at Nuremberg. There can have been no lack of conversational subjects. By the end of last week Henlein was in flight, with a Czech warrant out for his arrest and world police allegedly co-operating*

A busy man *through last week was Dr. Jan Masaryk, Czech Minister in London, seen at his desk with Dr. Jan Gerke, his first secretary. On the desk is a photograph of his late father, President Masaryk; on the wall are three old prints of the menaced countryside of the republic*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

In times like these a commentator on the passing hour cannot do more than touch upon the fringe of flying events. The hour passes with a vengeance. It whizzes past. Each minute may bring some new sensation. Each minute may contain some decision, some incident, some accident, which may change the life of every single European. So all one can do is to jot down a few generalities and leave the rest to the stop press.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the Prime Minister's flight to Berchtesgaden, one thing is certain. He has put himself on the map for ever, so far as the man in the street is concerned. He has got himself a permanent niche as a "sportsman." Whatever he may do in the future and whatever he may have done in the past, people will always say of him with admiration and respect, "Ah! but don't forget his journey to Berchtesgaden."

But apart from the Prime Minister's electrical stroke of drama, the Government cannot exactly be congratulated on their handling of the domestic end of the situation. With German bombers almost at our doors, or, rather, almost at our roofs, not one single bit of information has been given to us. Where are our gas-masks? Where are we to go when the bombs begin to fall? What is the ordinary man's duty? Is he to stay in London? Or ought he to help in an evacuation? If he wants to volunteer his assistance, where does he hand in his name? Not a single answer to any of these questions has been given.

There is another point which is seriously troubling the average man, and that is the personnel of the Cabinet. We are all of us sure that Mr. Burgin is a man of infinite charm, that Mr. Ernest Brown is all that a Minister of Labour should be, that Lord de la Warr is nice, and so on. But somehow we have an instinctive feeling that in a state of national emergency we would prefer to trust ourselves to Mr. Winston Churchill than to any of these amiable people. It is, in fact, to put it bluntly, a monstrous scandal that Mr. Churchill is not at this very moment in the Government.

The Navy's new chief is Sir Roger Backhouse, a silent, industrious man, in whom the Navy itself has complete confidence. He was nominally a gunnery specialist, but as a captain he worked so hard that he became an expert in everybody else's job and was correspondingly unpopular. As an admiral he concentrated upon his own job and is now correspondingly popular.

The crisis has caused some queer alignments of political thought. The Communists and the *Daily Worker* are screaming for war. The once-truculent and bellicose Fascisti are equally shrill for peace at almost any price. I had a long talk with some of the B.F.s the other evening at Cambridge Circus. The poor little chaps were in a sad muddle between their genuine love of their country and their equally genuine love of exotic shirts.

There is one profound difference between the general attitude of 1938 and that of 1914. In those days people were inclined to sneer contemptuously at the Kaiser and to hate the German nation. Now they are inclined to hate the Hitler-Goering-Goebbels crew and to feel no animosity against the German people. It is a significant change, and it may play a big part in an ultimate pacification of Europe. But, of course, we would revert to 1914 in a moment if the bombers came over.

While the Prime Minister was actually on his way to Berchtesgaden I went to several news-cinemas in the West End to see how the "patrons" reacted to the pictures of the embarkation at Heston Airport. I was astonished at first at the complete silence which greeted the photographs of Mr. Chamberlain, but

afterwards I reflected that this was exactly in keeping with the way in which London is facing the crisis. Everyone is deeply thoughtful, and no-one is in a vestige of a panic or hysteria.

I SPENT the Monday of Hitler's Nuremberg speech lying on the sands at Hunstanton. It was a glorious day. The sky was dark blue and the Wash was a sheet of pale blue. The vast expanse of sand at low tide was dotted with family cricket matches, and folk practising their mashie-shots, and kite-flyers, and shrimpers, and castle-builders, and bathers. It was a gay and cheerful scene. But it was a sultry and thundery atmosphere. There was a storm somewhere over Lincolnshire. And all day two huge bombers went slowly backwards and forwards up and down the coast. Each time they passed on their patrol the grown-ups on the beach looked up at them apprehensively. The children paid no attention. What was a bomber to them?

AS I went home the other night a leaflet was thrust into my grimy paw. It advertised a "protest meeting" in the Caxton Hall entitled "Must Britain Fight?" In a small explanatory notice the leaflet said that the Czechs have been ill-treating their minorities for twenty years. "Nor can a strong Germany be expected indefinitely to stand by." The chief speaker was Viscount Lymington. There might come a time, if it hasn't come already, when the supporters of Nazi Germany in this country may have to explain exactly why they are running counter to the national spirit of patriotism.

THE BYSTANDER has no party politics. But in a time of national crisis it is surely legitimate to ask the following question: where do the "Friends of National Spain" stand to-day? They want General Franco to win the Spanish war: therefore they support the intervention of the German aviators on General Franco's side: therefore they support the establishment of German air forces on the Southern frontier of France. If the worst comes to the worst, and we find ourselves aligned with France against Germany in war, will the "Friends of National Spain" continue to support the German aviators, who will be within striking distance of Clermont-Ferrand and Le Creusot? I am only asking the questions. I am not giving or suggesting the answers.

Sir Horace Wilson, *who, with Mr. William Strang, constituted the only staff taken by the Premier to Berchtesgaden, is officially the Chief Industrial Adviser to the Government. Round about Downing Street he is known as "the office boy," because he is always at Mr. Chamberlain's summons with precise information, which he never offers unless asked. He was made a Knight of the Bath in 1924, went up to Grand Commander in that order last year*

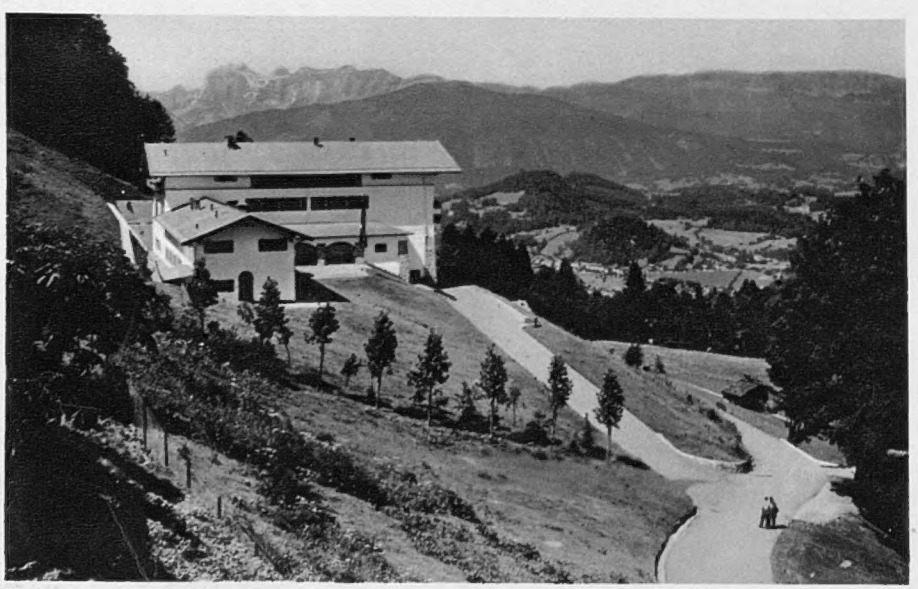
Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse *has just moved into his new working quarters at the Admiralty as First Sea Lord. He left his last job — Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet — in April, in May was appointed Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Chatfield's successor, to take effect September 7th. He will be sixty in November, has six children, and a twin brother who is a director of Thomas Cook and Son*

ONE of our stout-hearted penny dailies has suddenly begun to wonder exactly what Mr. Burgin is doing about the roads and the motor accidents. It is a timely piece of wondering. The casualties are not diminishing and the legislative steps to prevent them are not increasing. Mr. Burgin has certainly taken a trip in a long-distance lorry, and he has had a look at traffic congestion from the air. But apart from that, his recent appearances in the limelight have mainly been in the capacity of an Alpine sportsman, the father of a large family, and a defendant in a law-suit. But appearances in the limelight are not everything as the archdeacon said to the third girl from the left (as you face the stage) in the second row of the Gaiety chorus.

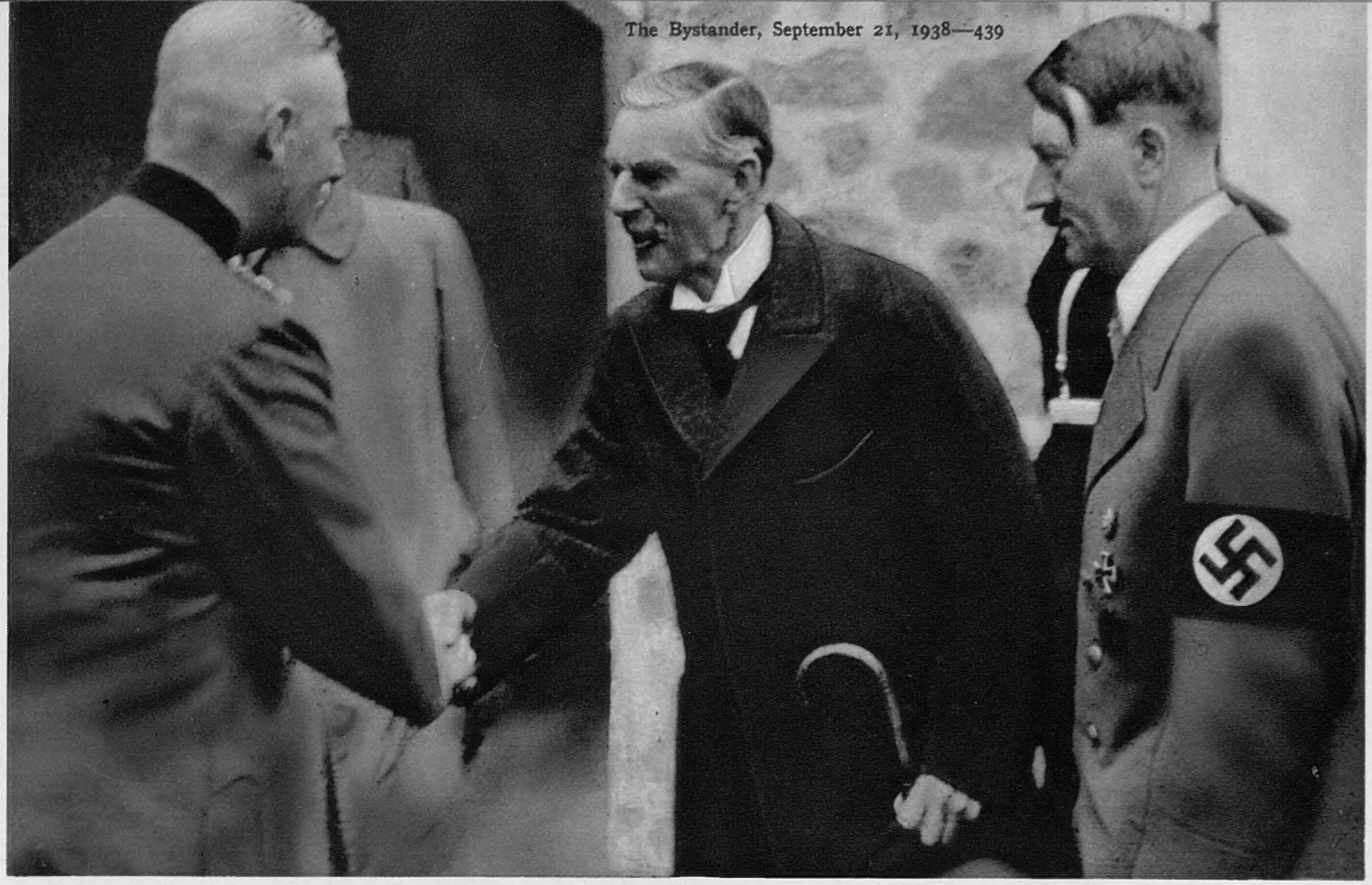
THE Players Theatre—that unique little institution in Covent Garden—has reopened its "Joys." This cabaret show, in the true Continental meaning of the word "cabaret," begins at 11.30 p.m., and thus supplies a want which London ought, as a great capital, never to have felt. The bright star is Mr. Robert Eddison who, in his spare time—that is to say, in his working hours—is making a great hit in *Tobias and the Angel*. At the "Joys" Professor Eddison lectures learnedly upon "Chari-Vari."

THE Australians came to grief in the end against a scratch side. During their tour they were within an inch of being beaten by Yorkshire, playing as a county. At the Oval they were heavily beaten by Yorkshire, playing almost as England. And in this last match it was Bill Bowes, of Yorkshire, who rattled them out in the second innings. It is easy to sneer at Selection Committees, but surely this year's Selectors were pretty quaint in their ideas.

MR. NEVILLE CARDUS, that inimitable writer about cricket, throws a pint of acid very pertinently at these Selectors. Edrich, of Middlesex, under the eye of Sir Pelham Warner, was given chance after chance, in spite of failure after failure. Washbrook, of Lancashire, under the eye of no Selector, was given no chance at all. Wright, of Kent, played in several Test Matches. Pollard, of Lancashire, played in none. Anyway, what does it matter? Let us get on to baseball.



The Berghof at Berchtesgaden: *the Chamberlain-Hitler meeting took place in this "mountain manor" looking into the conquered Austria, built by its squire on the proceeds of "Mein Kampf"*



Historic Encounter

Berchtesgaden Arrival and Tea Party

At 4.55 last Thursday Mr. Chamberlain drove up to Herr Hitler's Berghof, to find his host awaiting him on the doorstep with staff and black-uniformed guard of honour. After handshakes all round, the German and English parties walked into the hall for tea, looking out through the huge window into the mist and rain that hid the lovely Austrian countryside towards Salsburg. After half an hour of conversation on air travel, weather and scenery, the Prime Minister and the Führer moved into the study. With the help of Dr. Schmidt, Foreign Office interpreter, they "frankly and comprehensively" discussed the fate of Czechoslovakia for two and a half hours. Below, Dr. Schmidt sits on Herr Hitler's left, with Sir Nevile Henderson, next him

New Angles on the Young (I)

The American photographer will do anything to get a new angle on the surest-fire selling picture—pretty girls in bathing-suits. Here he climbed up a ladder at Atlantic City and hung over (round the clock from twelve) Miss Maryland, Miss Florida, Miss Washington, Miss South Carolina and Miss Virginia. Each hopes to become Miss America

New Angles on the Young (II)

The pulchritudinous (word supplied with picture) maids on the left will naturally reckon to become matrons in due course, but their beauty competition careers will not be necessarily ended. For recently organised is the Mrs. America title. The first holder is twenty-four-year-old Mrs. Edward G. Chamberlain

Miss Workman

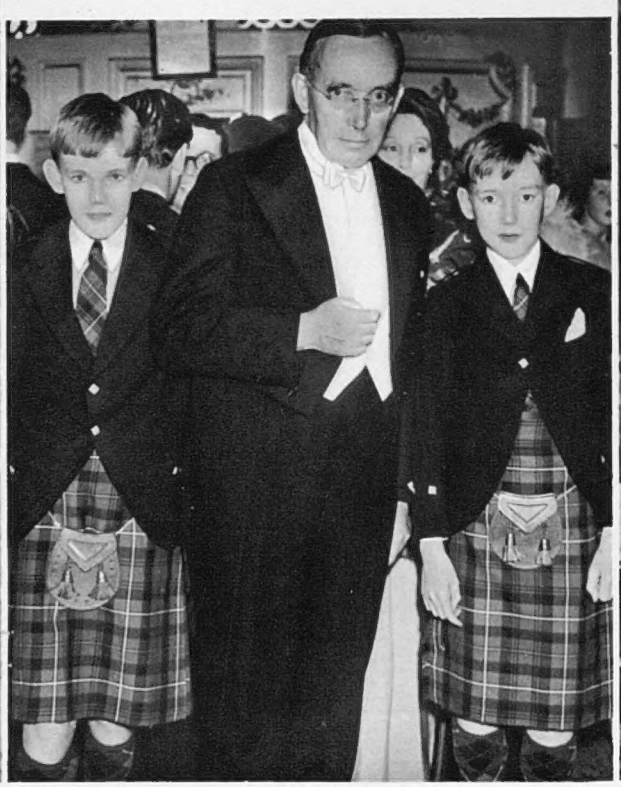
Miss Bridget Workman has galleries of Alex Reid and arms of famous admirals of the Royal Naval College one, with its fort, its palm its motto "Let him who

Peaceful People

Top Row, Women: Bottom Row, Men

Strong Man and Poor Fish

Ronald Colman, hero of many an exciting battle on the screen, had a real fight lasting an hour and a half to land this 227½-lbs. marlin swordfish off Santa Catalina, Cal. He was the first of the Hollywood stars to go in search of deep-sea big game, now a popular quest



Sharing Father's Glory

Dr. O. H. Mavor (James Bridie) took his sons to his first night at the Duke of York's as an end-of-holidays treat. But it was not their first view of "The Last Trump," for the family also attended the Malvern opening. Bridie has another play running, "Tobias and the Angel," at St. Martin's

A Sculptor

Mr. Maurice Lambert posed with a photographer called and took him George V. on horseback. He may pleting a 45-ft.-high statue called the to be shipped to the British Pavilion

and Her Coats of Arms

been holding an exhibition of coats of arms at the Lefevre, in King Street. It is now announced that executed by her are to be hung in the corridors at Greenwich, pour encourager les autres. This tree, its two ships, its British tar, and merits the palm bear it," is Lord Nelson's

Faces and Fortunes (I)

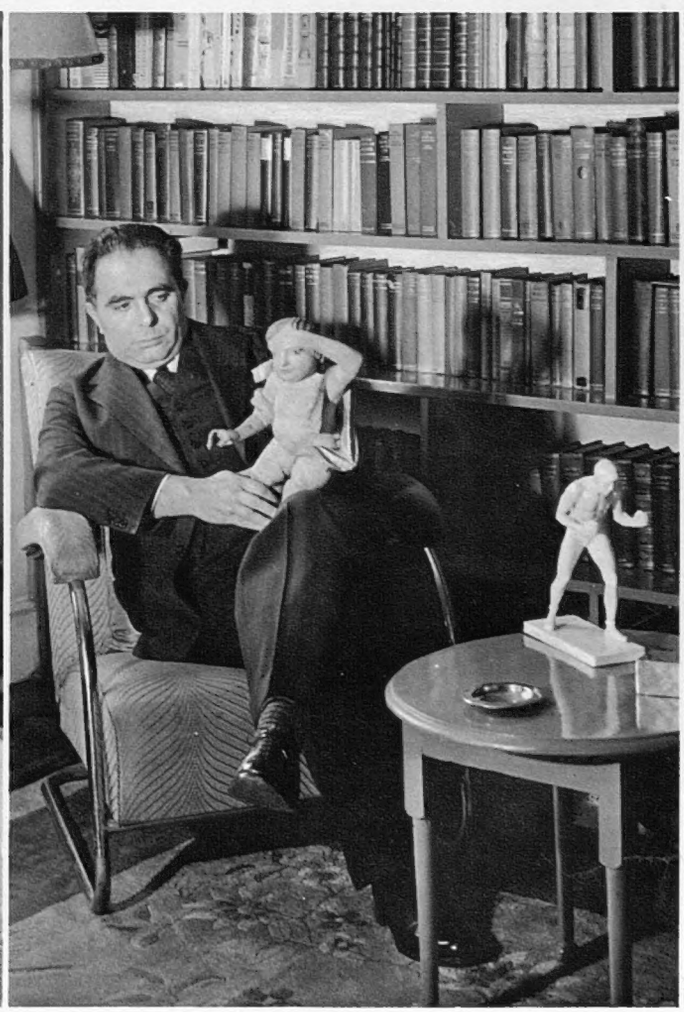
Seventeen-year-old Ruby Moule is a television discovery. Gerald Cock of the Alexandra Palace calls her the ready-made television girl, and this picture, domestically posed in her Brixton home, with an electric iron and some lace, shows how photogenic she is. Now she is going to have a film test with a view to stardom

Faces and Fortunes (II)

When it was discovered that the judges' first choice of a photograph for 50,000 new A.R.P. posters was not that of a British girl, a re-choice was hastily made and fell on Barbara Kershaw, a mannequin from Yorkshire. Official comments on her were: "Sensible type, no noticeable age, not too provocative, face basically very British (sic)"

at Home

indifferent enthusiasm when "at work" on a model of King have been tired after com- "Spirit of Britain," which is at the New York World Fair



An Author at Home

Mr. Louis Golding gets back to his interests of boxing and collecting cherubs after completing a compressed (and illustrated) tome on the fortunes of his race. It is described as a sequel to "Magnolia Street" (a German translation of which is in the bookcase here), is due from Rich and Cowan this autumn

An Artist at Home

The racing toff on the left is "What a Day" Sam Butcher, fifty years a tipster of repute, now the subject of a painting by Mr. Stanley Grimm, R.O.I.R.P. The two were photographed at their ease while the artist took a rest from his easel

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. John Every and Miss Annette Drew

John Simon Every is the elder son of Sir Edward and Lady Every, of Egginton Hall, Derbyshire. Annette Constance Drew is the only child of the late Major F. W. M. Drew, of Drewscourt, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Drew, of Sunbury House, Sunbury-on-Thames. They were married, she in white satin with a veil of Carrickmacross lace made by the bridegroom's grandmother, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and are honeymooning in Italy

Mr. Calvocoressi, Miss Eden

Peter Calvocoressi and the Hon. Barbara Eden were married at Watford Parish Church, Northants, and have also gone to Italy for their honeymoon. He is the son of Pandia Calvocoressi, of 23, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, and she is the daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby

The Hon. Mrs.

Commander T. Hon. Mrs. Mar- Marylebone hampton Hall, in married the Hon. mere's only son, the elder of

END OF A ROYAL HOLIDAY

The Duchess of Kent in Yugoslavia

Darkly sunburnt, wearing a four-row necklet of pearls and a flower in her buttonhole, the Duchess of Kent sat peacefully reading away the end of her long Central European holiday. Since the picture was taken at Brno, the home of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Princess Olga, her sister, she and the Duke of Kent have spent two days with Count and Countess Toerring-Jettenbach in Lower Bavaria, a night in Paris, and returned to London last Thursday

EVENTS LOCALLY IMPORTANT

Lady Edward Hay Presents a Puppy

The winner of the Dalmatian puppy prize was little Heather Carolen, best juvenile rider in the Blackmore (Essex) Horse Show. Lady Edward Hay, whose husband was president of the show, presented the prizes. The Hays live at Hill Hall, Theydon Mount, in Essex. Lord Edward Hay is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Marquess of Tweeddale

Harmsworth and Com. T. A. Hussey

A. Hussey, R.N., (ret.), and the garet Harmsworth were married at register office. She lives at Athol- Dorset, was Peggy Redhead before she Esmond Harmsworth, Lord Rother- has a son and two daughters, whom, Lorna, was a 1938 debutante

Mr. and Mrs. William Fiske

Billy Fiske and Rose, Countess of Warwick were married at Maidenhead, and flew to France for their honeymoon. He is the well-known Cresta rider, son of W. M. L. Fiske, the New York banker. She was Rose Bingham before she married Lord Warwick in 1933

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Davis and Miss Hope

Raymond Davis and Anne Hope have been playing golf on her home links. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Sir John Hope, of Pinkie, and the Hon. Lady Hope, of Donoughmore, North Berwick. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex

Lady Radnor Bowls for a Pig

Bowls and skittles for a pig are old rustic customs at English fairs, fetes and shows. In Wiltshire they bowl, including Lady Radnor, although she is Cambridgeshire by birth. The event was a mounted gymkhana at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, where the Radnors live and from which the first ennobled Bouverie took his baron's title in 1747

NIGHT LIFE BEGINS AGAIN

Miss Edna Searle wore a moiré - crowned high hat for her balcony supper

Lady Betty Bourke, caped in pleated chiffon, was at the first night of "Dear Octopus," the Dodie Smith play

Mrs. John Musker and Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke registered their return to the London round by going to the Café de Paris

Another high hat for supper, plumed Victorian fashion, was Miss Blanche Rowe's

Corinne Luchaire Will Be on Two Screens

Prison Sans Barreaux goes to the Academy on October 1st; *Prison Without Bars* is at the London Pavilion. Corinne Luchaire got her first film part in the French version, made a huge success, was snapped up by Alexander Korda for the English version, and is now back in Paris making two more French pictures. She means to come back to London again before taking the inevitable road to Hollywood. She comes of literary and artistic stock on both sides; Jean Luchaire, her father, founded and edits the magazine, *Notre Temps*, and her mother is an artist. The girls'-reformatory story in which she stars twice over has a high-idealed governor (Annie Ducaux and Edna Best), a doctor hero (Roger Duchesne and Barry K. Barnes), and a bad girl (Ginette Leclerc and Mary Morris). The rival directors are Léonide Moguy and Brian Desmond Hurst. The French film won a cup at Venice this year

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Friends in adversity: Anthony Ireland and Leo Genn

"The Flashing Stream" (Lyric)

SOMETHING unusual was to be expected of a first play by such a distinguished novelist and critic as Mr. Charles Morgan, and something unusual visitors to the Lyric Theatre will appropriately find. Love and mathematics are the theme—unaccustomed bedfellows. One of the early surprises is to find Mr. Godfrey Tearle playing the part of a great mathematician—a surprise, since one would not instinctively associate him with algebraical formulæ. Another is to find the part of an even greater mathematician—or should it be mathematicienne?—played by Miss Margaret Rawlings—a surprise even though one has always felt that she could put two and two together. It is in the "impersonal passion" inspired by higher calculations that these two discover a common bond. But since there is between them a deeper and commoner bond, one wonders whether it may not be by intention rather than by accident that Mr. Morgan sets them discussing "the mathematics of vibration," and that, the invention of a new aeroplane-destroyer being in progress, the lady later on loses the key of the "control room" where they work together.

Has not the control of Mr. Tearle been the despair of a hundred heart-sick heroines?

CONTROL is inevitably much exercised and much lost in a play which sets a young and handsome woman in the midst of an all-male community on a lonely island in the Atlantic. As Miss Rawlings assists Mr. Tearle to work out his invention, there are hungry outbursts from their colleagues, British and naval officers though they be. One of them even gets her to consent to satisfy her more animal instincts, but the consent is not ratified. Meanwhile, Mr. Tearle swears to make her his only if his invention proves successful. At last it is submitted to a test. It fails. The British Government wonders whether it has been putting its money on the wrong horse. It will give Mr. Tearle one more chance if he can prove that the failure was due, not to a basic flaw, but to a mere error in his mathematical calculations. A little lie would put all that he desires once more within his grasp. But he will not tell it. To deny his mathematics, in which he can find no error, would be like denying God. At which point it is a black look-out for the passion of Miss Rawlings.

BUT Miss Rawlings is, as above stated, a greater mathematician than Mr. Tearle. Also she is a woman. And as love, though of man's life a thing apart, is woman's whole existence, what is a little lie to her? So she pretends to detect a miscalculation too abstruse for Mr. Tearle to follow. He gets another chance. He will make good. He will marry Miss Rawlings. And after a few years, when they no longer desire to say to each other the rather embarrassing things they occasionally utter at the Lyric, they will have their mathematics to fall back upon.

A rather heavy-going piece, with a strong background of culture and of perturbed idealism. And with Mr. Felix Aylmer and Commander Stoker helping Miss Rawlings and Mr. Tearle to share the honours of the evening.

Sketches by Rouson

Strong, silent service man: Godfrey Tearle

Right: an expert tries to find the fallacy: Margaret Rawlings

Sailor and politician: H. G. Stoker and Felix Aylmer

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Honey, is it the hock that 's making you hic? "

DARTS have now penetrated into West End cabaret. As an after-dinner spectacle you could probably think of something more dizzying than that of a couple of experts performing with a floodlit dartboard any number of clever tricks, but at least the show indicates how far darts have travelled socially from their spit-and-sawdust origins. Few country houses are without a dartboard nowadays, and for all we know Bond Street is featuring boards of rare woods with gold or silver numerals and jewelled darts for chaps in the Spanish shipping trade to give their girls. Naturally all sorts of sophistications and complications are being introduced into the game (we like the " cricket " game best, next to the old 301-down convention), the inevitable development in a country where games are the national religion, and before long some Culbertson will doubtless arise to make darts as grim as the differential calculus. Meanwhile, they 're still good fun, though not quite such spontaneous fun as when nobody outside the village pub knew much about them. Marbles and hoops will be the next innocent sports to be taken up on a large scale and floodlit. Both have pretty decent connections, actually, on the evidence of Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College :*

What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball ?

Critics agree that " the flying ball " includes everything from Soccer to marbles, still Eton's favourite indoor game, hoops being reserved nowadays to members of " Pop." We personally think marbles will conquer the Beau Monde next, and shortly. They can be expensively produced—watch out for Christmas sets of Venetian or Bohemian or Bristol or Beleek glass, in platinum and gold boxes—and although the rules, so far as we know, are simple, they and the scoring can swiftly be made immensely intricate. For the essence of a modern British game is the amount of involved accountancy attaching to it. Compare the annual end-of-season frenzy over the marks in County cricket.

Okay, Jeeves

MR. ERIC BLORE, Hollywood's English Film Butler No. 1, accounts for the cornering of the American buttling market by Englishmen and negroes by the fact that you can trust both types not to commit such solecisms as publicly calling their employer " Ed " or criticising the set of his tie. This explanation is quite accurate. Republican Democracy resents such freedoms bitterly, Americans with social pretensions being even bigger snobs than we are. Unfortunately, unlike us, the American snob can't pretend frigidly that his domestic staff doesn't exist at all, because if he tried it on his domestic staff would (*a*) bawl him out and (*b*) walk out on him. Hence he often has to put up with, e.g., his chauffeur's claiming to be of the same flesh and blood as himself, which is perfect agony. The fault is often on both sides, perhaps. Equality can be terribly noisy.

" So, as you see, we turned it into a roof garden "

French democracy doesn't seem to us so prickly—as Arnold Bennett also noted. This may be because French democracy is the top layer, as it were, of a thousand years of feudalism. We wouldn't mind arguing for fun, if you dared us (you beasts !), that the nearer to pure feudalism you get the closer the human bond. In pre-Soviet Russia a nobleman might have a servant unjustly whipped, but the next moment he 'd be equally likely to embrace him with tears and beg his forgiveness in the name of God. You don't get this in Newport, L.I., or even in the Parc Monceau, Paris, France ; still less in Mayfair, London, Eng., unless we 've been damnably misled by our old social guide and vademecum, Beau Macdonell.

Milko !

AN exciting rumour sped round the milk-bars of Fleet Street the other afternoon, disturbing many a sodden somnolent sub-editor at his fifteenth Orange Shake. It was said that new milk bottles are shortly to be launched on the world, made of cellulose acetate, non-returnable, non-inflammable, non-splinterable, and superseding the standard glass pint bottle we Fleet Street boys carry round in our hip-pockets for secret potations when the milk-bars are closed. So you may guess that not a few leaders of opinion reeled back that afternoon to their sacred duty of reducing hearsay to plumb nonsense in a tall state of jubilation. The old glass bottle came in handy for fighting round the news-room when everybody was full of milk and looking for trouble, but its drawbacks were equally obvious. With the new bottle in his hip-pocket, anybody with a skinful of milk, plain or fancy, can fall crash down the malachite-and-porphyry main staircase of any of the big dailies, and no great harm done.

We 're old enough to remember when there wasn't a single milk-bar in the Street of Adventure, and from the Temple Bar down to Shirreff's, from Kidd's to the King Lud, you could get only alcoholic liquor. It was (and is) little use shouting

for milk in the Rainbow, the Cock, or El Vino, the Clachan or the Falstaff, and many of the leading Fleet Street boys at length gave up the attempt in despair. (This continual frustration had a bad effect on their prose style, and several have noticeably not recovered from it yet.) Circa 1922 somebody opened a nut-food restaurant to try and cheer them. It failed. Milk was what Fleet Street longed for, and when the first milk-bar opened two or three years ago half the boys were so crazy with joy and relief that they forgot to charge a couple of guineas to "information" on their expense-sheets.

Fresh Woods

To those citizens who are sick of the eternal unction of the B.B.C. Voice we recommend tuning-in now and then to Athlone. News-bulletins from Athlone come over the air in a pleasingly natural manner, with the faintest possible soupçon of a soft brogue. The vowels are pure, the intonation devoid of niffnaffery and flafla. Happening to listen on the eve of the St. Leger, we got the benefit of a rapid, knowledgeable survey of the whole field, ending with last-minute tips, of which one came home next day, if we remember rightly.

Broadcasting House does not encourage the backing of what old Mrs. Kipps called "gordless 'orses," and rightly, but you know what the Irish are. This part of the Athlone bulletin seemed to us to be connected with some sweepstake or other. It 's no desire of ours to underline this, but it 's our moral duty to mention it. Vice, as E. V. Lucas said, is something which occurs abroad. Gambling and an inordinate love of horses seem to be an integral part of the Southern Irish character, at least, and it 's just as well we recently gave up the thankless task of trying to instil decency into them.

Another interesting experience is to read the Irish newspapers occasionally. Like other foreign newspapers (notably French and American) they give quite a lot of news we never seem to get at home. A chap we know swears it is essential to look at this stuff now and again to get a full view of what 's going on, but our feeling is that it can't possibly be true, otherwise Fleet Street would print it. In other words, we realise that the Fleet Street boys know best what 's good for us to be told, and our quiet confidence in them remains unshaken, with a fal, la, la.

Oasis

Rushing through Gatwick to the coast in one of the Southern Railway's swift and exquisite trains, we often whisper an emotional "Thank you"—like a newspaper girl poet at throb-time—to the station-master, or whoever is responsible for those well-clipped lawns and bright beds of flowers which make Gatwick Station an oasis, and must fill the racing chaps who stop there with pure and fragrant thoughts. The personnel of Gatwick Station must live beautiful lives, we always think, and so must the chaps attached to those flowery L.N.E.R. stations, chiefly in the north, which have just been awarded prizes. What was mildly interesting was that the only two stations ruled by women came lowest in the list and got only certificates of commendation. You 'd think a station-mistress would be always bending over her flowers, shyly peeking at engine-drivers from behind a bunch of fresh country blooms, filling stations (rather fussily) with beauty, yearning and posing and doing a Nichols or a Winn—as professional horticulturists say—all day long. What actually happens proves once more that to put a woman in uniform (with whistle) is to create a machine of the dourest and most prosaic kind.

Not so, it seems, the station-master, who, if given a chance, will gladly express himself in floral terms. It may be (if the popular French folksong expresses an international truth) that domestic cares drive the British type to seek solace in flowers ? Perhaps only French station-masters are subjected to this ancient humiliation, owing to the marvellous beauty of their wives ("Ohé, ohé ! ") ? They certainly don't take it out in horticulture.

Racket

Out of £900 collected last year by an organisation called the Poor Children's Aid Society, with headquarters in Manchester, £84 went to charity, which indicates how what the Wigan police called "one of the many bogus charities flooding the country" makes its dough. A woman collector fined 10s. for making "an unauthorised collection" told the magistrates she earned 25 per cent. of the takings. The police said the average pay in this company was 50 per cent. and expenses, which is not a bad rake-off. Next day an official of the National Charities Aid Society was fined 40s. at Tower Bridge in similar circumstances, pleading guilty to what the magistrate called "a deliberate fraud." The police found that of £10 collected only 10s. went to charity. There probably won't be any great public outcry—fortunately no doggies' charities were involved—but it does seem to us that the Charity Racket needs looking into. The kindly public seems unawares to be keeping a lot of citizens in comfort who would otherwise have to work for a living. This is no reflection on little Mrs. Rampage, whose Distressed Eskimos' Ball in November will, we trust, be once more the Event of the Season, especially for the organisers. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Well—look in again some time—I 'm usually around"

Films of the Day

Vivace Con Amore

If you feel as I must never permit myself to feel, that any film with Ginger Rogers in it is a pretty good film, anyway, you will probably not want to read what follows on the subject of *Vivacious Lady*.

But, to be brutal, *Vivacious Lady* is not a Ginger Rogers film at all. It is, if anything, a James Stewart film, which Ginger Rogers, for the sake of everybody concerned, is obliged to steal—"collar" would be a better word, because there is nothing surreptitious about it. The plot is about a young university professor who marries a night-club singer and brings her back to college without telling his father, the president, of whom he is terrified. His deceit naturally gets them into all sorts of difficulties—for instance, she has to pretend to be his cousin's girl-friend, and attend her husband's class as a botanical student—but at last, under the influence of laboratory alcohol, he revolts. His mother, who has chafed under the irksome restrictions of university life for many years, has already cut loose, and father and son have to smash up their car at a level-crossing in order to be reunited to their respective wives in adjacent railway carriages at the end.

The young professor in that story is, I must submit, the centre of interest. Everything turns on what he does and says, and his hard-done-by bride is make-weight. Quod est, with Ginger Rogers as the bride, absurdum. So Ginger is given a whole lot of extraneous business, such as having a magnificent combat à l'outrance with her college rival, and teaching the sedate president's wife to dance the Big Apple and forget that she is subject to heart attacks. It is all great fun, but I couldn't help feeling that the air of permanent, puzzled grievance which James Stewart's pendulous under-lip contrives to give to most of his performances had a better justification than ever before. Beulah Bondi shows a very good parody style in her performance as Mrs. President, but the rest of the company just fills in time.

Tom Walls, at last submitting to direction (Herbert Mason's), gives one of the screen performances of his life in *Strange Boarders*, a reasonably lively thriller in which he plays the part of a British Secret Service agent. It may be—there is plenty to do in London, and one can't be everywhere—that provincial audiences still find that knowing grin, that archly rolling eye of discreet appraisal, those poppings in and out of bedrooms, delightful entertainment. For myself, I have always found that a little goes a long way, and it is all the more relieving to find that Mr. Walls is quite as effective without them—or almost without them. The "almost" concerns a sequence in which, for embarrassing moments, we scan a delightful pair of legs from the vantage point of inside a wardrobe where he is concealed. But the lady is really his wife, who, finding her honeymoon suspended by brisk, brief emissaries of the Government, has tracked him to a nest of spies in a Bayswater boarding-house; so I suppose it 's all right.

The spy-hunt leads Mr. Walls to a photographic agency specialising in those alluring advertisements which drive home their point by pictures of smirking brides and bridegrooms. Students of modern motion-pictures will not be overwhelmed to discover that Mr. Walls' partner in the cosy domestic scene for which he has got a job as model turns out to be none-other-than. Once the resultant hilarity has subsided, we find him groping in a dark room with a blind man who recognises him by the tick of his watch, and that makes for real excitement which lasts pretty well until the end. There is a first-rate bunch of spies involved in this picture. Leon M. Lion's pseudo-laundryman, C. V. France's pseudo-retired Indian colonel, and Googie Withers' pseudo-parlourmaid would have deceived anybody who had seen a few English films, and Ronald Adam's blind chess-player is good enough to prevent him from ever again playing a respectable part on the screen. I think Renée Saint-Cyr, who plays the spy-catcher's bride, has a great future in British comedy. She is piquant and easy to watch, and she makes the most of her opportunities. But is it really necessary to import everything young and lively with a dash of acting intelligence from France? The question is rhetorical, for looking round stage and screen in England for the same sort of effervescent ability, I confess that I am beaten. But it seems a pity.

The Laurel-and-Hardy to end Laurel-and-Hardys is now to be seen at the Empire. If you have never gone for them in any big way, I should be the last to advise a final effort. *Blockheads* has some funny moments and some good ideas, but Laurel and Hardy belong, in spirit, if not in fact, to the silent-film era, and although, as Chesterton once pointed out, it is perfectly simple to put back the clock, it is not so easy to put oneself back with it. Odd, that this pair of comics enjoyed, only six years ago, a triumphant tour of England and Scotland, beginning with a confetti-mobbing at Waterloo Station, and reaching its climax in a demonstration in Glasgow in which nine people were seriously injured in the crush. In *Blockheads* they fall about, and run about, and break things, and blow things up, and get caught by a big-game hunter smuggling his wife out of their flat in a trunk, just as if none of these tricks had ever been tried before. But the laughs they got from me were very nostalgic and over-sympathetic.

These two are the last of the knock-abouts, until some genius arrives to put the genre on the map again. The Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, the later-style English comedians, have a cerebral lunacy which is as different from the old lighthearted, inconsequential slapstick as Laughton's technique is from Irving's. Theirs is not the featherpate of folly but the careful, conscientious distortion of sense into nonsense. They talk too much, they love an abundance of properties with which to be funny. They are, in fact, an inferior race of comics. And if you complain at all this sourness over a dullish Laurel and Hardy, I can only plead nostalgia, and the fact that I am older than I was.

Disney redresses the balance. The latest short subject is *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*—one of the nicest cartooned nursery rhymes that he has ever attempted. The three brats who go sailing across the firmament in a wooden shoe and fish for comets are delicious entertainment, and the colouring is more beautiful and exciting than anything in *Snow White*.

Strange Possession of a Professor's Wife

A professor's wife sounds an unlikely part for Ginger Rogers, but the professor is young and shy and played by James Stewart, and his wife is an ex-night-club singer who somehow has to be introduced to the scholastic circles of his home town, and the complications of it all give Ginger Rogers a good straight comedy part which she plays with a delightful skill and gaiety. "Vivacious Lady," reviewed on this page, went to the Regal last week

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Norman Parkinson

Gentlemen Cadets of Sandhurst

With one hand familiarly on the muzzle of an engine of war stands a gentleman cadet of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The S on his heart does not stand for Sandhurst, it stands for sports, of which he is a half-blue. If he were a full blue, the badge would cover the whole pocket and his red and white blazer would be trimmed with blue ribbon. Behind him and his companion rises the noble façade of the main building. The college, but not this building, dates to the Peace of Amiens, the cadets' uniform dates to mid-Victoriana, the cannon dates to Waterloo. Overleaf are two more pages of Sandhurst pictures comprising the twenty-first *Bystander* "With the Services" series

This modern musketeer *has to learn to handle old and new weapons, although his job will be organisation and leadership*

Wireless telegraphy *and internal combustion engines have played a large part in speeding-up strategy and tactics in modern warfare and have to be understood by gentlemen cadets. Chemistry, electricity and mechanics are further modern (optional) subjects in the Sandhurst curriculum*

The War Minister *who has made Sandhurst more available for clever poor boys passes under the College motto, " Vires acquirit eundo," with the Commandant, Maj.-Gen. Eastwood*

During the last war the Royal Military College took on the atmosphere of a training camp: the course there lasted four months and four thousand officers were turned out for the battlefields. In peacetime Sandhurst is more like a small university town, save that uniforms take the place of cap and gown, lectures are called parades, officers are saluted more smartly than proctors, and discipline throughout is very much more severe. Three to four hundred gentlemen cadets spend three terms of half a year acquiring the arts of leadership in war. Many subjects in the curriculum, however, aim at general rather than military education, such as constitutional history, languages and geography. Sporting activities like fencing, boxing, and swimming make for all-round fitness and the College awards Blues to members of its teams (see p. 451). Fees at Sandhurst are well over £100 a term, officers' sons get a 40 per cent. reduction, scholarships have recently been increased

But despite *rapidly increasing motorisation, British officers are expected to be horsemen*

The march past: *periods of instruction are fifty minutes long, ten minutes only are allowed between (armies march fifty, rest ten), so that gentlemen cadets attend the day's first parade dressed for the second: hence the mixture of gaiters and puttees here*

With the Services, No. 21: The Royal Military College, Sandhurst

Fallen in for swimming: *the gentleman cadet at back, right, is a Blue—his blazer is bound with ribbon*

The first meeting of Comdr. Edward Ferrers and Karen Selby is a case of sympathetic vibrations—they know each other without introduction: Godfrey Tearle and Margaret Rawlings

The second meeting of the two is over the mathematics of vibrations, in which jealous Lady Helston (Marda Vanne) surprises them

"We're two women but not the same animal." Lady Helston is thus dismissed by the mathematician Karen: Marda Vanne, Margaret Rawlings

"The Flashing Stream"

Charles Morgan's Play at the Lyric

"The things that chiefly interest me," says the First Lord of the Admiralty, "are (a) cats, and (b) the safety of Great Britain": Felix Aylmer

The first contact *between Edward and Karen is of anger. "I wish to God you weren't a woman," he says, when she forgets the key of his control room*

Although Charles Morgan has taken a highflying theme—singleness of mind—in his first play, he has not sacrificed dramatic values. The setting is a fortress where naval mathematicians are working out details of an aërial torpedo ; into this group comes, as an equal, a woman. Godfrey Tearle's part as the chief of the workers is not unlike his last part, in *The Island*. He knows how to deal with these strong silent rôles and he does it once more excellently. More difficult is Margaret Rawlings' part as the woman mathematician, but her rather intense style carries her through with success. The lesser parts are competently played by Felix Aylmer as a ruminative First Lord of the Admiralty, H. G. Stoker as a rear-admiral and Marda Vanne as his vicious wife. Herbert Farjeon's review of *The Flashing Stream* appears on p. 445

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Anthony

"I was lying." *Karen had pretended to find a mistake in Edward's work so as to give them both more time for research*

The second contact *between Karen and Edward is of love. "That's the hope of madmen," he says. She replies: "So is the love of God"*

"I presume you were lying." *The statesman leaves the mathematicians with their singleness of mind a little shattered: Tearle, Margaret Rawlings, Aylmer*

Scottish Season

Tea Party Group After Braemar

Little Zoe d'Erlanger helped entertain her mother, Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson's tea-party guests at Invercauld after the Braemar Games. Here she is with Lady Maud Carnegie, the Hon. Peggy Forbes-Sempill, and the Duchess of Leinster, with a tortoise on her lap

Young Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harmsworth were at the Braemar Games. He is Lord Rothermere's nephew, and she is Lord Dudley Gordon's daughter. They married last year

Mrs. Prior-Palmer

Was at Gleneagles Hotel on a cold, blustery afternoon. She was Katherine Bibby before she married Captain Erroll Prior-Palmer in 1935. He is in the 9th, seconded as adjutant to the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry

Two Sisters Play Golf at North Berwick

Lady Barbara Bevan is Lord Lucan's elder daughter: her husband is Major J. H. Bevan, a cousin of Lord Hampden. Lord Lucan has also been playing North Berwick golf

Lady Margaret Alexander is Lady Barbara Bevan's younger sister. She is home from India, where her husband, Brigadier the Hon. Harold Alexander, commands the Nowshera Brigade of the Northern Command

Family Outing

Mrs. J. Hutchinson took her two younger children, Geordie and Rona, over to Gleneagles Hotel with her from Rossie House, their home at Bridge of Earn

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Jean Ogilvy

One of the most important of the girls doing the round of games, balls and house-parties of the Scottish season is Lady Jean Ogilvy, the attractive eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie. Her father is head of one of the historic families of Scotland, Lord Lieutenant of Angus, and one of the largest landowners of that part of the world; he is also Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. Lady Airlie who presented her eldest daughter last year, is the Earl of Leicester's younger daughter. They live at Cortachy Castle, near Kirriemuir, with Lord Airlie's mother, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, at Airlie Castle nearby. Lady Jean has three brothers, headed by the twelve-year-old Lord Ogilvy, and two sisters, of whom the elder, Lady Margaret Ogilvy, is eighteen this year

Alexandra Danilova

Danilova's Queen of the Swans, in the one-act version of *Lac des Cygnes* given by the visiting Russian companies, has, like all her classical work, the authority, precision and brilliant finish of a finely schooled and experienced dancer. She has given this year an outstanding performance of the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, revived by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. And she has a sparkling gaiety to match her serious artistry: her street dancer in *Beau Danube* has always been inimitable, and to the glove-seller in *Gaité Parisienne* she brings the same liveliness and personality. *Igrouchka* shows yet another Danilova, all her sophistication and subtlety of stylisation transmuted into the simplicity of a folk-character

With Panaieff in the classic "Lac des Cygnes"

Photographs by Anthony

In the Paddock you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

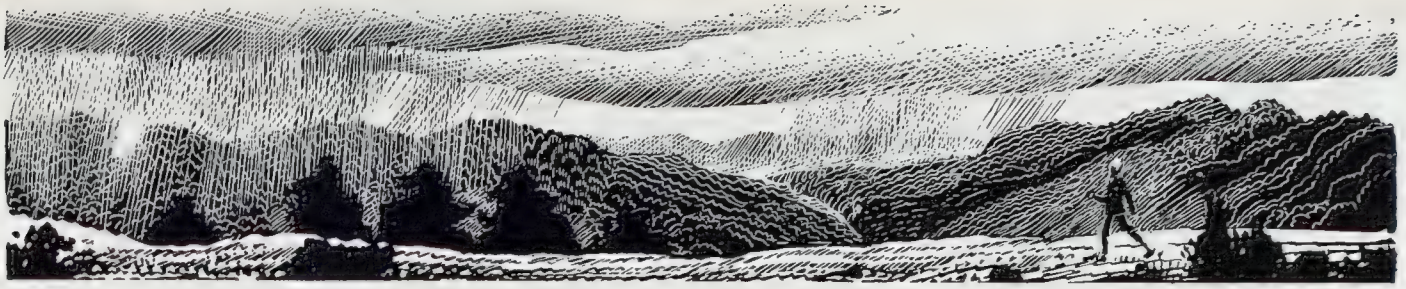
IN ARABIA ONE DRINKS SABZI . . .★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Sabzi is made from Bhang, a kind of hemp. But Schweppes is going big in the bazaars nowadays, in fact it's going with a bhang. It is also apt to go for good when an unscrupulous Arab folds his tent and silently steals away with his neighbour's bottles.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes



"Bystander" Short Story No. 157

The Storm

By Sally Benson

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

ARTHUR GOODSPEED stood on the small lawn in front of his cabin inhaling great breaths of the sharp autumn air. Although there was no one about, he was conscious of holding his stomach in and throwing his chest out. He was also uncomfortably aware that his lungs were not expanding properly to the deep gulps of the biting air. The air went in all right, with gusto, but it caught somewhere midway in his chest and came out again in a sort of puff.

This was so disconcerting to his desire for physical well-being that he found it necessary to stare up at the hills for a while and to picture in his mind the paths that wound through them over which one could stride filled with peace and health and—yes—youth.

There was a cold, low-hanging mist in the air and a rising wind that chilled his legs in their hand-knit wool stockings. He knew that walking briskly, chin in, chest out, was a dreary business on such days. Sometimes it was all he could do to swing the black walnut cane which his grandfather had carved when he was eighty and get ready to flash a smile at the occupants of an approaching car. There was something wrong with Mr. Goodspeed's smile; it was too white for one thing, due to his new teeth, which looked as though they had been modelled from a set owned by a young and healthy horse; and it was too wide and hearty, as though he were trying to express more joy and vigour than he felt up to.

Every day he set out for a tramp through the hills, striding through the village, magnificent in his astounding tweeds that were certainly never bought on this side of the water, keeping fit with an overwhelming intensity that was guaranteed to bring exclamations of one sort or another from everyone who saw him. He had never heard that the sight of him made Miss Abby Hart, his nearest neighbour, want to scream. "I suppose he walks every day," she had been heard to comment. "He claims he does. All I know is that it's my luck to see him going by every nasty, bleak day when anyone with a grain of sense would be in the house. I've got so I can't stand the sight of him. If he's keeping fit, what in God's name is he keeping fit *for*? And if he's so damned fit as he likes to make out, what is all that bicarbonate of soda doing in the medicine cabinet in his house? You've never seen anything like the stuff he's got in there! I happened to open it one day, and I wasn't snooping, either. I was looking for something to put on my hands after I washed them. You all know what my hands are like!"

One felt it must disconcert him to have them so close, mild and friendly

Miss Hart did not understand that Mr. Goodspeed felt there was a richness to be shaken out of life. But either his hold was clumsy or the opening small, for the jewels that fell out for him were dull ones. To be sure, he did what he could: he smoked a pipe and even had a favourite one that was good for fifteen minutes' conversation in any gathering; he never ordered wood for his fireplace—he cut it himself, with the result that the logs looked not much like logs at all, but more like branches; he spoke of the hills as "the mountains," and occasionally he looked up at them with such a far-away look in his eyes that one felt it must disconcert him to have them rise up so close, mild and friendly.

It was hard work making a fine thing of living. Things, the very names of which glowed a ruby-red, faded out for him, no matter how hard he tried to enliven them with deep, hearty laughter and rich words. He loved words: open fire, glowing coals, hound dog, tobacco-smoke, hot punch, favourite chair, great lady, splendid character, charred keg, gentleman, real person, heather mixture, made in England, beautiful young body, worth-while, old-fashioned Christmas, alive, simple, open, imported. Sometimes it seemed as though everything good lay in the sound of the words and not in the things they represented.

As he stood looking up at the hills, impersonal and veiled, they seemed to change and to draw in on him. The pungent smell of pine and hemlock seemed to vanish from the air and a musty odour of wet earth and moist, decaying leaves filled his nostrils. The wind grew sharper and the mist cleared to show dark threatening clouds in the distance. He felt suddenly lonely and walked toward his cabin, but in the dead, grey light it looked shabby and weatherbeaten, huddled against the sharp declivity of the hill. It was like a dried shell and gave out neither warmth nor homeliness. The woodpile of which he was so proud seemed ridiculously small, as though the dark trees bearing down on him made cutting and hoarding their branches a futile gesture.

Inside the cabin he touched a match to the fire and turned the switch of the radio. The announcer's voice cut through the little room. It was some seconds before Mr. Goodspeed really heard what he was saying, and then he realised that a storm warning was being broadcast, and it seemed to him that the announcer's voice held a swift, urgent note. He stood in front of the radio listening, shaking his head gravely, and at the end of the report he turned the switch off once more. Stooping down, he carefully disconnected the plug from the wall socket. A gust of wind shook the door, and from the window he could see that the mist had cleared and that clouds were indeed gathering, black, swirling and angry.

(Concluded on page 462)

Why, people wouldn't have any legs in another thousand years' he averred

The Storm

(Continued from page 461)

The small room no longer looked barren, colourless and dull as it had when he entered it, but became a pleasant, familiar haven. He was seized with an urge for activity of some sort, and going into the kitchen, he took down two oil lamps, which he filled, carefully washing and polishing the glass globes. He made a tour of the little house, seeing that windows were secure and doors fastened. He filled the wood box and covered the logs on the back porch with a length of oilcloth, which he weighted down with rocks. Then he went once more to the window and stood looking out, making a tuneless, droning sound, not quite a whistle, with his lips.

For years the elements, if the truth were known, had been a disappointment to him. The puerile behaviour of the wind, rain and snow made him wonder if, perhaps, the articles in the Sunday supplements weren't correct when they stated that the climate was growing milder. The articles upset him and he dreaded thinking of himself living in a world of lush growth and overlarge, sluggish animals. He had read a book once by H. G. Wells, and the unpleasantness of the last living thing on earth—a large mussel expanding and contracting on the shore of an oily, still sea—left an impression not to be forgotten. Such things were nonsense, of course, but where were the storms of his youth? Where were the blinding snows that blew in magnificent drifts against the hillsides? Where was the lightning that tore the sky and split the elms? And the thunder that cracked and echoed in the valleys? They were gone, it seemed, and man was growing soft. It was this thought that sent him striding through the hills, shutting his mouth tight against painful gasps, refusing offers for "lifts" with a fixed, bright smile. Why, people wouldn't have any legs in another thousand years, he averred.

He suddenly thought of Miss Abby Hart in her white house up the road, and wondered if she had heard the storm warning. He struggled into knee-length rubber boots and took his raincoat from the closet and clumped down the road, letting the cold wind blow through his hair. There was a wildness in the air. Brown leaves scurried before him and a few branches from some young maples were already lying in the road. There was a peculiar light that brought out the last green of the grass sharply, and a few large drops of rain hit his cheeks with stinging force.

On Miss Hart's porch he folded two frame and canvas chairs, and, carrying them in one hand, he pulled at the brass bell.

For a minute, when she opened the door, Miss Hart thought he looked almost handsome standing there, the wind blowing his thick, white hair.

"Well, well!" he called. "We're in for a blow! Better let me carry these chairs in for you!"

Miss Hart opened the door wider and stepped forward to push the screen door wide. "I thought we'd have a rain," she said mildly. "The water boiled off my potatoes this noon."

Mr. Goodspeed clumped into the living-room and stacked the chairs against the wall. "Rain, nothing!" he exclaimed. "We're in for it! Going to have a real blow. Got the warning over the radio!"

Miss Hart looked out of the window sceptically. "It doesn't look so bad to me," she said. "Besides, it isn't the season for storms. I don't think it will even snow."

He gave a little snort, thinking that Miss Hart's house was pretty flimsy when you got right down to it, shaking with every step he took the way it did. "That sky," he told her profoundly, "looks exactly like the sky I saw once before. I was ten years old and I've never seen anything like it before or since. It's a real cyclone sky and there's that funny light all over everything."

Miss Hart laughed dryly. "Well, I never heard of a cyclone in these parts."

"There's a first time for everything," he answered optimistically. He switched on her radio and stood waiting. "Might be something more," he explained. "Fellow might tell us which way it's headed."

But there were only the soothing notes from a string trio, and though he turned the indicator back and forth several times, he could get no further news of the storm. For a moment he regretted trying again, wishing that he had only the last vital tones of the announcer to remember, but a sharp, sudden gust of wind against the house stilled his uneasiness and he suggested helpfully that he might fill Miss Hart's lamps.

"Don't bother," she told him. "I have candles. I put the lamps in the attic several years ago. I mean, when the lights do go off, they're off for such a short time, it isn't worth the *smell*!"

The rain had increased and was falling heavily, beating wildly on the window-panes, and off in the distance there was the dull rumble of thunder. Mr. Goodspeed threw his head back, listening. "Here she comes!" he said.

Miss Hart drew her chair nearer to the fire and sat down. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "I hope it won't last long."

She looked up appealingly at him and fingered her knitting nervously. It was nice of the poor old thing to come over, she thought. He was a good neighbour. Really kind, but such a bore. Basking in his protecting, enveloping glance, she felt called upon to do something about him, and at a slightly louder burst of thunder she gave a little shudder.

"Scared?" he asked, tolerantly smiling down at her.

"Just a little uneasy," she admitted. "That is, if they send out warnings over the radio, it must be serious."

The screen of the kitchen door banged steadily, and Mr. Goodspeed went to lock it. He braced himself to pull it closed, but it pulled quite easily, and he was surprised to feel that the wind, though blowing fairly hard, was soft and milder. The kitchen was steamy and there was an aroma of onions cooking and a lingering, spicy smell of gingerbread. Miss Hart's fat alarm clock ticked noisily and importantly on a shelf; there was a wooden bowl of apples on the table and he could hear the wood in the stove settling cosily. There was a pleasant air of disorder; potato-peelings in the red enamel drain in the sink; a pair of stockings hung to dry; a milk bottle filled with bittersweet. His own kitchen was neat and still and dark, and the chops he cooked, the steaks, the plain, boiled potatoes grew uninteresting day after day.

There was comfort and warmth here, and, going back to the living-room, he stood with his back to the fire, rubbing his hands together briskly. "As I was saying," he went on, "you never saw anything like the sky before that storm. And when it came, it was a rip-snorter. Afterwards my father took me out to see the damage. Trees blown down all over the place; hailstones still lying around as big as eggs. Why, a tree almost fell on a neighbour of ours. He was running home, trying to make it before the worst of the storm broke, and he heard this crack right behind him, and there was this tree lying there. Missed him by three feet!"

"Dreadful!" Miss Hart murmured. She picked up her knitting.

Mr. Goodspeed threw back his head again, listening for the wind. Was it growing fainter? He plunged into reminiscences: he talked of the freakish tricks of cyclones, of the whimsies of lightning; he recalled a blizzard when the snow lay fifteen feet deep in the drifts.

After a while Miss Hart got up and walked to the window. "Well," she said, "I think it's going to stop."

She looked up anxiously at the sky. "Of *course* it's going to stop. It's barely sprinkling, and there's enough blue in the sky to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches."

Mr. Goodspeed walked quickly over and looked out. The rain was falling gently and the wind had died. Over the hills there was a spot of clear, translucent blue. He cleared his throat.

"Yes," he said. "We're well out of it now, unless she comes back." But there was no hope in his voice.

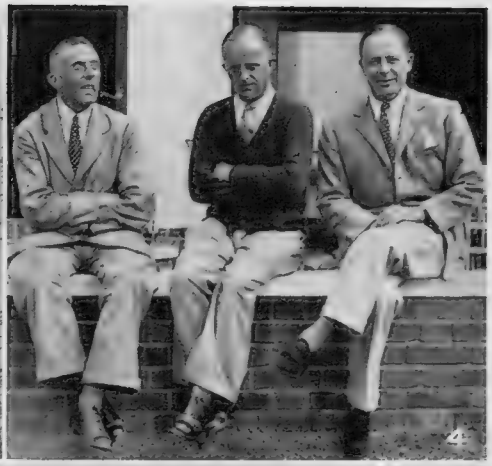
He stood looking down at his big rubber boots. "Well, I'll be trotting along," he said.

Miss Hart watched him button his raincoat. She felt an impulse to ask him to stay for supper, to suggest that they might get up a game of bridge, but before she could bring herself to it he was gone.

He stamped down the road, his feet dragging a little in the rubber boots. Leaves lay in sodden piles along the path. The clouds were lifting and the storm—the mere prelude to a storm—was over.

He thought of the long, dreary evening ahead and the long, dreary months to follow. Sitting alone night after night, fingering the leaves of magazines, keeping up with things because there was no use letting yourself turn into an old fogey, listening to the adventurous sound of the wind, watching the hands of the clock move around to nine, to ten, gave him the dreadful feeling that he might be missing something somewhere, in spite of the fact that he assured himself over and over that the simple things of life were best.

THE END.



Golf Clubs at Home: Frinton

The original nine-hole golf-course at Frinton, laid out in 1896, now lies beneath avenues of houses. Golf has been pushed west by development. The present course has occupied its site on the Holland Marshes since 1905. Its assets are wonderful turf and a wealth of natural hazards

(1) J. Murray Brown (secretary). (2) A. S. Tingey, junr., and A. S. Tingey (professionals). (3) Pat Franklin. (4) W. Berry Marshall, Arnold Nield, Jack Hillary. (5) Cecil W. Hayne (captain). (6) F. Evelyn Jones (captain, 1933-36). (7) W. G. C. Munsie (captain, 1920). (8) H. W. Franklin (captain, 1916-19). (9) Gene Serre (captain, 1912). (10) E. C. Homer (captain, 1896) and H. B. Hammond (captain, 1926)

A View of the Club-House

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Fox-Hunting: Two Origins

By V. S. Pritchett

A HUMAN being may lead an eventless life, but he is a miracle to himself, in childhood most miraculous of all. That time has the fascination of all beginnings. If we could go back to it (we feel) we would find the true stamp of our nature fresh and unblurred. But to get back is the difficulty. Memory is an effusive trickster; it will palm off festive quantities of association and soon turn you into the man who won the war. To remember usefully is less a business of stirring up the bottom of the pot than of skimming and straining off innumerable adult surfaces, until you get to the basic mixture.

Here is the fox-hunting man's success in *The Old Century and Seven More Years* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has got back to the wily feel of himself between one and twenty-one. I don't mean that he is one quivering jelly of sensibility; but I would say that he has exchanged the adult for the sometimes tough and rather insensitive sensibility of childhood. His parents were separated. Well, the children noted the fact, were hurt by it, and then kept silence. But they divined that probably old Mrs. Mitchell, the governess, who had supervised their lives since birth, who had a picture of the Toad Rock at Tunbridge Wells on her mantelpiece and was hoping for a small sum to retire on, had something to do with the quarrel. With this episode, as with everything else, Mr. Sassoon may write with the irony of later knowledge, but not with later feeling. There is a half-efficient, half-pathetic visit to Eastbourne to see their father on his death-bed—efficient so far as Mrs. Mitchell is concerned. How to describe the effect of death upon a child? Here are two deaths from Mr. Sassoon—

"I felt desolate because of so much happiness that could not happen now that he was dead."

"My mother told us one of Queen Victoria's daughters had sent a wreath and a letter of condolence to the family. Poor old Grandmama, we said, as we laced up our boots and went to build a snow fort on the lawn."

Compared with the variegated, unprotected Cockney childhood of another poet, Edward Thomas, Mr. Sassoon's is a more prosaic business of governesses, nurses, tutors and state visits to the richer though somehow funereal world of greater Sassoons. The lack of episode is made up by the meditative leisure of the portraits: Mr. Moon, the early teacher whose supply of learning nearly ran dry, Aunt Lulu, the maker of one-sided rumpuses, and that other murmurous Aunt, hopelessly rich and intellectually odd, who looked as though she never slept. And then continual glimpses of his mother moving in the garden, now with flowers, now with festive Major Horrocks, who made jokes like—

"Carpe diem—or catch your fish while you can see them." Mr. Sassoon has caught the enchantment of that past which has become a byword because it was safe and secure. It is a small but authentic world.

A GOOD deal of *Thrice a Stranger*, by Vera Brittain (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is lecturer's shop talk about two tours through the United States in 1934 and 1937. It is lively, egotistical feminism at its best and worst. There she was, the Book of the Month, so to speak, despatched from town to town, in a rare state of exhaustion and excitement; and it all goes down with a mixture of letters home, interviews, newspaper cuttings, and rather dreary personalia, more flattering to her American readers than interesting to the English. This sort of thing falls between the two stools of autobiography and travel, doing neither job properly and it bores me. I hate writers to keep on quoting their own letters. I liked the young lady who greeted Miss Brittain on a railway platform with—

"You are Miss Brittain, aren't you? Do you think the happiest marriages are made in youth from passion or in later life from community of tastes?"

The answer appeared in the newspapers as follows:

"It is Better to Marry Friend than Lover!"

"Plunk into Cupid's quiver, Vera Brittain, English author, dropped that bombshell."

The first 100 pages of the book, which describe her residence in a small American university town in the horrible boom years of 1925-26, are far above the rest, and one does get a clear picture of American domestic life and of the great contrast with the following periods. And Miss Brittain says a good deal in her personal story, which ought to break a few of our nasty, classy English prejudices about American life and manners.

Siegfried Sassoon

The "fox-hunting man" completes his autobiography with his new book which tells the tale of his first twenty-one years—childhood in Kent, preparatory school and Marlborough, Cambridge, "The Old Century" is reviewed on this page

THERE is a special kind of humour which gets its effects from the irreverent treatment of history. It appeals chiefly to schoolboys. I always remember in my childhood enjoying a serial story of this kind called the *Wallypug of Wy*, which was about a gargoyle and a mediæval king who had very racy conversations; and the Ulster dramatist who wrote *Thompson in Tirnanog* raised the genre to a high level of satire. *The Sword in the Stone*, by T. H. White (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is mixed, but, on the whole successful, fantasy about anachronisms and it contains two chapters at least which are the funniest things I have read for a long time. Mr. White's game is to tell the adventures of a boy called the Wart, at his father's mediæval castle, in terms which lie somewhere between the language of Grimm, Wodehouse, and the College of Heralds. This kind of thing may produce the vulgar comedy of the schoolboy howler or passages of wicked genius—Mr. White has both: here is an example of the latter. A possible origin of fox-hunting is suggested—

Sir Ector said: "Had a good quest to-day?"

Sir Grummore said: "Oh, not so bad. Rattlin' good day in fact. Found a chap called Sir Bruce Saunce Pité choppin' off a maiden's head in Weedon Bushes, ran him to Mixbury Plantation in the Bicester and lost him in Wicken Wood. Must have been a good 25 miles as he ran."

The two high spots are the witches' duel—run strictly on what I take to be Camelot rules—with Merlyn; and a wonderful joust between two knights who lumber along towards each other at a mild drayhorse canter and meet with stupefaction in a dull crash of ironmongery. These are both Disney scenes. Mr. White has a pleasant learning which gives the whole a comically critical and instructive air. I never recommend humour, because it makes enemies, and many awful people will read this book aloud; but I suggest a prolonged and surreptitious glance at it.

ANOTHER unusual book is *Because I Must*, by Hilda Lewis (Jarrolds; 8*s.* 6*d.*), a servant girl's narrative about her life as the daughter of a murderess, her attempts to live down the shame, her growing instability, and the full circle conclusion. "I remember the day they hanged my mother," it begins, and thenceforth to the end the dramatic pace set by that sentence never flags once. After the murder, the child is sent to a grim orphanage. After that she goes through the hands of only too life-like employers, has a baby, is jilted by its father, and is throughout dominated by the idea of discovering her sister, from whom she was separated at the time of her mother's death. The rather crude conclusion, which it would be unfair to reveal, seems to me forced, and I am not convinced that it is psychologically sound; and the author's indecision between the illiterate English of the girl and sudden patches of grammatical writing is irritating. But these two major faults do not detract from the picture of a grim, glum, cheap world, the impressive kitchen portraits—she has the vernacular of cooks perfectly—and the remarkable dramatic force of the story. It is better than fifty *Rebeccas*.

HUMPTY DUMPTY RE-CITED

"I can recite poetry as well as other folk," said Humpty Dumpty, "if it comes to that—"
"Oh, I hope it won't come to that," Alice hastily said. (But it did.)

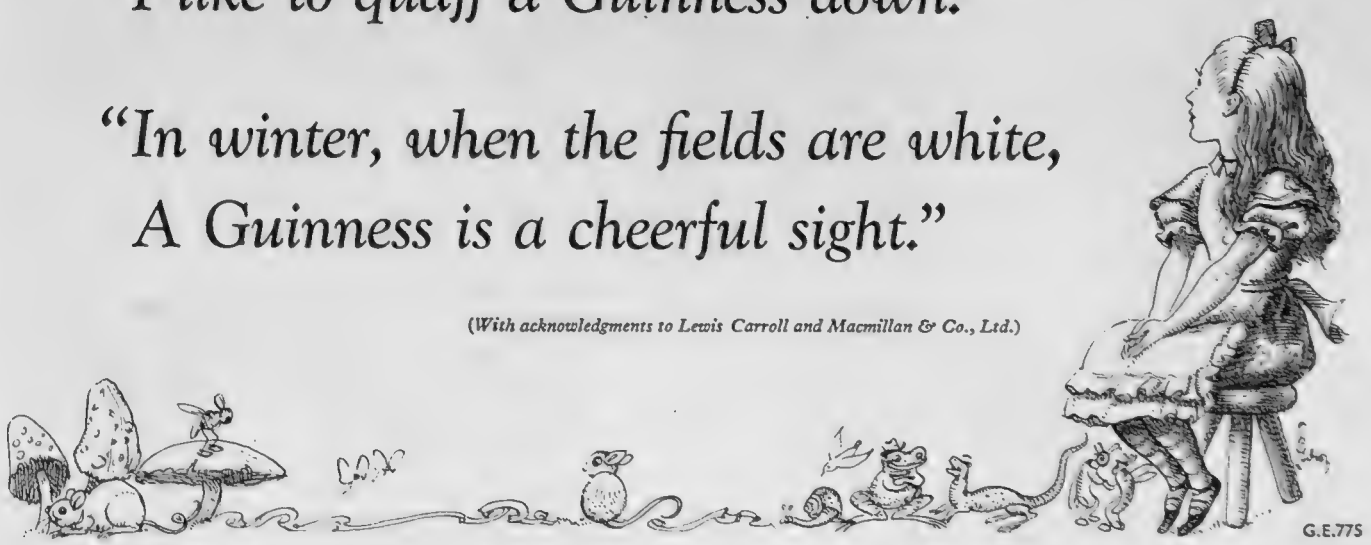
"In spring, when woods are getting green,
Oft with a Guinness am I seen."

"In summer, when the days are long,
'A Guinness, please' is still my song."

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
I like to quaff a Guinness down."

"In winter, when the fields are white,
A Guinness is a cheerful sight."

(With acknowledgments to Lewis Carroll and Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



G.E.775

Howard Marshall on Sport

IF the rattling of sabres just now is apt to drown the cheering of a football crowd, this is hardly the place to comment on the fact.

I will not pretend that it has been altogether easy to pay much attention to sport, with Europe rumbling like a gigantic Vesuvius. The thought obtrudes that young games players of whom we write are potential soldiers, and potential casualties. In such a crazy world it is possibly helpful to think, instead, of the pleasant fields where games have not yet given place to military exercises.

Rugby fields all over the country, for instance, where the great game is already in full swing. And coupled with that, as speakers at so many Rugby dinners will be saying before long, the names of the British players who beat South Africa in the third Test at Cape Town by 21 points to 16.

THIS was a great achievement, and a most encouraging one for British Rugby football. Ireland had a large share in it, with Morgan and Cromey at half-back, McKibben and Boyle among the three-quarters, and Graves, Alexander, Walker and Mayne in the pack.

It must have been the sort of match in which Irishmen delight, a tumultuous affair of rushing and tackling and sudden tremendous onslaught. I note, incidentally, that G. T. Dancer, the fine Bedford forward, was very much to the fore, and he must surely find his way into the England pack this winter, if he is not too weary.

That, of course, is an important point. We cannot really expect a great deal of the touring team players after their exertions in South Africa, and it may be that our representative football this year will be rather indifferent. One fact emerges from our Test victory, however, which is that, according to competent observers, for the first time the British forwards really held their own in scrummaging. There is no need to draw the moral, though I hope it is sufficiently obvious to make a proper impression.

BEFORE we leave football, just a word about Soccer, and Everton, in particular. Anything may have happened before you read this, and Soccer particularly

(Concluded on page ii)

Family Foursomes at Burhill

The Prices

W. Price and Miss E. Price, of Farnham, won the event, beating the Mackenzies 3 and 2

The Finlays

Mrs. R. V. Finlay and J. C. Finlay (West Byfleet) beat the Garnhams 4 and 3 in the third round to reach the semi-final. In that they lost to the Mackenzies, 3 and 2

The Mackenzies

T. R. S. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie (Knole Park) were the victors in the third round of Capt. Stroyan and Miss Sheila Stroyan, the new "Bystander" girl champion

The Cowans

Capt. J. R. C. Cowan and Miss M. Cowan (R. Ashdown Forest) lost eight and six to the Prices in the semi-final at Burhill

The Kennions

Mrs. R. L. Kennion and W. R. Kennion, of Liphook, lost in the second round to R. F. Garnham and Miss Kathleen Garnham by 4 and 3

***Buckler's Hard regatta** was the setting for this nautical picture of Major Sir Philip Hunloke (at back), Com. the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie. Major Hunloke's son Henry was elected member for West Derbyshire last June*

Summer Is Still With Us

H. Edrich, Middlesex and England, made a team of his relations to play a team got up by Captain Michael Falcon, Norfolk County captain, in a match at Blofield in aid of the village hall. Unfortunately, rain came down all the time and what with Edrich being out first ball, it wasn't such a good day for Edrichs. He and Falcon are tossing here

***Sydney B. Wood** was readying (Americanism authenticated by caption supplied with picture) for the American singles championships at the home of John D. Rockefeller III., Eyrie, Mount Desert Island, Me.: compare his smart flannels with the creased linens of his host. In the championships, Wood knocked out the last European, Kukuljevic, beating him in straight sets to enter the last eight*

***James V. Rank** had good reason to look pleased at Doncaster. He won the St. Leger with Scottish Union, won the Doncaster Cup with Epigram, won the only Bahram yearling at the bloodstock sales with a bid of 13,000 gns. The money comes from milling*

***A treasure hunt** was part of the programme at the Buckler's Hard regatta. Mrs. Roy Kelvie was in charge of it and one of her prospective clients was Sir Lionel Phillips, Bt. He should be interested in treasure hunts, for his fortune comes from the Rand mines worked by his father. His tenure of the baronetcy can be accurately valued at 25,000 sovereigns, that being the fine into which the late Sir Lionel's death sentence over the Jameson raid was commuted*

***A fishing expedition** into the pleasant sea off the pleasant red cliffs of Sidmouth was part of Lord and Lady Hewart's idea of a holiday. Lord Hewart's second, New Zealand-born wife wore a jersey- and slacks, the Lord Chief Justice of England himself was more National Liberal in whites and grey jacket. He has to return for the Michaelmas term, which starts on October 12th*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Great Activity

ALTHOUGH several of the Continental golf championships are played during August, this month as a rule sees little golf of importance played in the British Isles. After the calm of August, the beginning of September saw great activity on the Golfing Front.

On the first day of the month Henry Longhurst was married to Miss Claudine Sier of Upper Norwood, and on the same day two girls in black silk pyjamas found a niblick a suitable instrument for forcing the door of an hotel bedroom, from which they stole articles of value.

MANY championships and important competitions clashed. The tournament of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase, the West of England Amateur Championship, the Irish Open Championship, the Welsh Championship and the Girls' Championship were all being played at the same time, and in addition to these the first tournament for partnerships of mother and son was played at Calcot Golf Club, Reading, and won by Mrs. G. N. Foster and P. G. Foster, from a joint handicap of 14. They beat in the final Mrs. J. H. M. Greenly and J. O. H. Greenly. Colonel J. H. M. Greenly was responsible to a large extent for the course at Calcot being made.

MOST of these tournaments produced very interesting golf and worthy winners. It was a wonderful performance on the part of W. F. E. Blackwell, who is seventy-four years of age, to reach the final of the Jubilee Vase, where he was beaten by a man to whom he had not only to concede about fifty years, but also one stroke. I have always argued that when a man gets tired he can go on playing the long game well, but fails at the short game, and especially at the putting. You will probably remember last year that when he was obviously tired after his hard week's golf, Lionel Munn, in the final, played up to the green nearly perfectly, but was let down by his putting, which is usually as sound as a bell. Blackwell also putted below his usual form.

IT can have been no surprise to anyone who has seen him play to read that James Bruen, Jnr., won the Irish Open Amateur Championship. Bruen is a very great player, chock full of confidence and courage. He is never afraid of giving the hole a chance, either with his approach shots or his putts. But I cannot agree with those who hold the opinion that at the present time he is the best amateur golfer in the British Isles. It should be remembered that he failed to qualify for the last day's play in the Open Championship at Sandwich, where he played very similar golf when he returned 80, as he did when he returned 70. The difference in the scores was due to the fact that in his 70 he holed a number of very doubtful putts, and failed to hole putts of a similar nature in his 80. Bruen won the stroke competition which precedes the Irish Open Amateur Championship, with a brilliant score of 70, which equals the record of the course at Newcastle, County Down.

I THINK that the majority of golfers will agree that the best player in the field also won the Welsh Amateur Native Championship, namely, A. A. Duncan, who beat the winner of 1934, S. B. Roberts, in the 36-holes final, after a very close match. The players were all square at lunch-time, and halved 11 of the first 12 holes played afterwards, before Duncan won by 2 and 1. This Championship was played at Rhyl.

VERY many of those who take an interest in the Girls' Championship must have been pleased to see Miss Sheila Stroyan win. Her father, Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, presented the cup which is played for before the championship between teams of entrants from Scotland and England. Miss Stroyan led the Scottish girls, and won her match by defeating Miss Joan Pemberton by 3 and 2. Miss Pemberton, who was captain of the English side, had to play Miss Stroyan again in the final of the Championship, when she was defeated by 4 and 3. Miss Stroyan, who started playing in this Championship at the age of twelve, will not be able to play in future, as she will be too old. She is the holder of the Holland Ladies' Championship, which she also won last year. The holder, Miss Lally Vagliano, was beaten in the first round. She has had little time for golf lately, as she has been working hard for exams., and consequently was not in full practice.

THE St. Leger this year was not disconnected with golf. The owner of the winner, Mr. J. V. Rank, has a nine-hole private course on his estate at Druids Lodge, and his trainer, Noel Cannon, is a scratch golfer, who, a short time ago, was stupid enough to do the fourth hole on the Old Course at Sunningdale in one stroke: unfortunately, I was not present at the time.

I prefer to read Miss Helme's views on the Curtis Cup match to expressing my own.

The Kent Cob: Winner

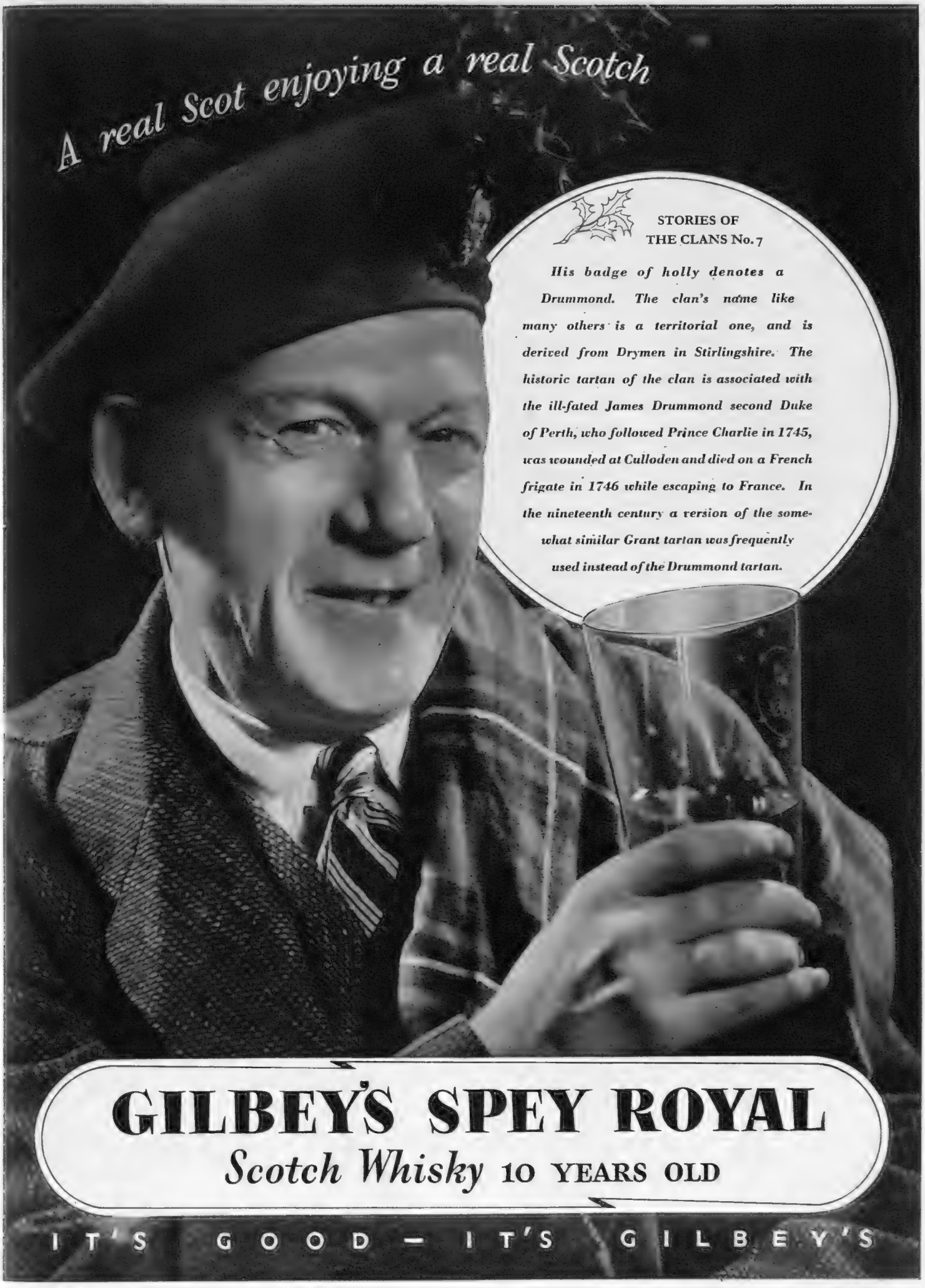
A. G. S Penman won the "Kent Cob" amateur competition at Moor Park with 74 + 66 = 140, beating the reigning English champion, Frank Pennink, by four strokes

The Kent Cob: Also Played

Among the seventy-two entrants for the thirty-six-holes competition for the trophy known as the Kent Cob were Captain E. Anson and Sir Adrian Baillie. This year the competition was played for the first time on scratch terms

Mothers and Sons: Winners

Mrs. G. N. Foster (Woking) and P. G. Foster (Oxford University), playing from a joint handicap of fourteen, were the first winners of the Calcot Challenge Cup for the mothers and sons foursomes there. They beat the local Greenlys 3 and 2 in the final


A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch
STORIES OF
THE CLANS No. 7
His badge of holly denotes a Drummond. The clan's name like many others is a territorial one, and is derived from Drymen in Stirlingshire. The historic tartan of the clan is associated with the ill-fated James Drummond second Duke of Perth, who followed Prince Charlie in 1745, was wounded at Culloden and died on a French frigate in 1746 while escaping to France. In the nineteenth century a version of the somewhat similar Grant tartan was frequently used instead of the Drummond tartan.
GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky 10 YEARS OLD
IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

Sheila Stroyan Takes the Girls' Championship Cup from Pam Barton

Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale) won a well-earned trophy to finish her long career in the "Bystander" Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. She first played in it when she was twelve, has been a semi-finalist the last three years, will be nineteen in a week or two. In the final her consistently sound golf defeated Joan Pemberton by 4 and 3

The Runner-Up Drives

Joan Pemberton (Bramall Park), who as captain of the English side met Sheila Stroyan in the Girls' International this year, was again beaten by her in the Championship final. She was runner-up in 1935. Is nearly nineteen

The "Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship

Chapter II.: By Eleanor E. Helme

THOUGH Sheila Stroyan has probably never written in a copy-book: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!", she knows to perfection how to live up to that annoyingly sound principle, and so at her eighth entering she is Girl Champion, exactly a month before becoming too old to play. Two of her attempts went no farther than entering, some childish complaint keeping her away from Stoke itself; then she contracted a habit of semi-finalist; after three years of so doing she has broken the spell, and broken it at the expense in the final of Joan Pemberton, ten days her senior, who opposed her in the International match, and with whom she won the Wentworth open foursomes a year ago. For the last three years Sheila has led Scotland to victory at Stoke; holding the Dutch Championship, she retained it a few weeks ago; and then went on to the semi-final round of the German. Altogether as satisfactory a career for a girl champion as anybody could wish, and there was nobody at Stoke who did not feel she was the right winner, even if they all admitted that last year's winner, Lally Vagliano, is the more brilliant golfer.

As for Joan Pemberton, she, too, has always been in the picture at Stoke Poges, ever since she was runner-up there in 1935, before earning a place in the English side, which she was to captain the following year. Yes, undoubtedly, trying again counts.

BUT, instead of pious sentiments, let us get on with the actual play, beginning at Thursday morning, with a field of sixteen, the holder out, and nobody really knowing who would win, however much they might agree that Sheila ought to.

The day started with a surprise, though perhaps not so great to those who realised either how terribly sore Jessie Baxter's hands were, making it almost impossible to hold on to a club, nor how good Jean Donald is. There were sound golfers of the sterner sex who said Jean hit an iron shot better than anyone in the championship; anyway, something very near fours was all she needed for an extremely good win by 5 and 4.

Then came Elizabeth Cross, a good many up on Sonia Vagliano, pulled back again, and only winning at the nineteenth. Sonia may not have her elder sister's inspiration at the game, but perhaps she has some dogged characteristics which will take her consistently as far. Behind them, Sheila Stroyan was winning by 5 and 3 from Morag Morrison; a stout performance, because the latter got down in one putt four times in the first eight holes.

Anne Heywood had played so brilliantly on the first day that the question on the second was whether she would keep it up or crumple. When she began with a 7 at the first against Diana Stephens, it looked rather as if the crumpling process had

(Concluded on page 472)

Anne Heywood (Princes) beat Diana Stephens (Burhill) by 6 and 4 in the rainy third round. In the next round she was defeated 4 and 3 by Sheila Stroyan. Both these two are young enough to play again, Diana Stephens for three years

Jean Donald (North Berwick) was a semi-finalist and lost to Sheila Stroyan; Jean McIntyre (Lindrick) lost in the fourth round to the runner-up. They also can play next year

Scots Meet

At Ayr and Oban

Ayr: Local Celebrities

Lady Buchanan-Jardine and her tall son went over to the Ayr meeting from Castle Milk. Rupert Buchanan-Jardine is his parents' only child and heir to the Buchanan-Jardine baronetcy, is fifteen

From England and Ireland

Miss Angela Tod and Mr. "Frankie" More O'Ferrall watched a race together. She is being married next month to Hamilton O'Malley-Keyes, of the Irish Guards

Mrs. Thomas Dundas and Lady Ebury

Mrs. Dundas is the English wife of Sir Philip Dundas's second brother. They live in Sussex, gave their one-year-old daughter the Scottish names of Alice Kirsty. She and Lady Ebury were photographed on Scottish Derby day at Ayr

Oban: Maclachlan and Maclean

Miss Marjorie Maclachlan is the debutante daughter of the Maclachlan of Maclachlan, one of the stewards of the meeting. Miss Catriona Maclean of Ardgour had presided the night before at the Oban Gaelic concert. She is the sixteenth Laird of Ardgour

James and Mackay

As paddock rails to a race meeting are the tall ash sticks to Highland games—for leaning and watching. Mr. James, of Achara, and Miss Rosemary Mackay, of Glencruitten, were at Oban on the first day

Stewart-Bam and Russell-Fergusson

Mr. A. P. C. V. B. Stewart-Bam, son of the late Sir Pieter Stewart-Bam, of Ards Connel, Argyll, is with Miss Denise Russell-Fergusson, of Ardtur—another Argyllshire Gathering snapshot

The "Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship *(Continued from page 470)*

begun; taking the next ten holes in one under fours corrected that impression with emphasis, and was quite sufficient reason for being then 5 up. She won by 6 and 4; but she is nearly two years older than Diana, and that counts for a lot. Both ought to go far.

JOAN PEMBERTON spent her morning battling with Ethel Anderson, who went nearer than anyone else in the week to having a one at the seventh, and after turning two down, brought the position to only one down at the thirteenth. At the fourteenth, Ethel was unlucky, a really fine second shot getting bunkered beside the green, and Joan eventually won 3 and 2.

Jean McIntyre showed herself too good a golfer for Pauline Rowand-Harker on the outward half, when she was out in 40 and 5 up. But Pauline fought on bravely and pulled back four of those holes. Jean is one of those plucky souls who seem to thrive on adversity. At the fifteenth she was stymied, and lost the hole, in spite of Pauline's croquet-putting lapsing into three putts. That was just the spur Jean needed; she had taken the sixteenth in two in both rounds on the previous day, and here she did it again, making herself dormie 2. A fine wood second found the seventeenth, and she won by 3 and 1.

Pauline is a persistent, thoughtful golfer who should be heard of again; therefore it is impossible not to hope that she will realise in due course that if putting between one's feet, with hands widely separated, were the best method, Joyce Wethered, Enid Wilson, Wanda Morgan, Jessie Anderson, the Whitcombes, Henry Cotton, would have adopted it. Independence of thought and experiment is admirable, but not singularity persisted in against the proved experience of the great masters.

Dorothy Frame was too powerful for Betty Costin, so was Maureen Ruttle for Anne Scargill—4 and 2 and 4 and 3 the margins of their wins. What a pity it does always seem that everybody cannot win.

IN the afternoon, Jean Donald started badly against Elizabeth Cross, turned one down, holed her opponent's ball at the tenth, and altogether looked in a sorry way. But she has a lot of the same fighting qualities as Jean McIntyre, with whom she plays a great deal at North Berwick; hey presto! she won the next four holes, and with two halves and another win was safely through by 3 and 1 into the semi-finals.

Sheila Stroyan, meanwhile, was expected to be in for a stern battle with Anne Heywood; the first four holes halved gave colour to the supposition, as well as the fact that Anne was out-driving her by anything up to forty yards every time. However, that is seldom so deciding a factor as the short game; Sheila holed a chip at the fifth for a 3; Anne began taking three putts, and Sheila, out in 37, turned 4 up. They halved the tenth in 4, the eleventh in 3; then Anne had a great 3 at the twelfth, and hung on until the fifteenth. It was a good fight, and suggests that a handicap of 10 will very quickly grow small by degrees and beautifully less, and that England will find Anne a highly useful recruit when next September comes round.

Meanwhile, Joan Pemberton was having another of those fights which make you profoundly sorry that somebody has to lose. She never got more than 2 up on Jean McIntyre; she turned square, and was 2 up again at the thirteenth; but her short game was first-class. Jean played as if she were tired, and four long putts went into the hole only to come out again, the last of them for a 2 at her favourite sixteenth; 2 and 1 was Joan's hard-earned reward, well deserved.

Maureen Ruttle completed the semi-final quarter with a 6 and 5 win from Dorothy Frame, taking the thirteen holes of her match in one over fours. It was only natural if some people thought the championship must be hers.

SHEILA STROYAN'S semi-final saw her in splendid vein, out in 38 and 3 up. Jean Donald played well, with real promise, and was distinctly the longer of the two, but she could make no lasting impression on that lead, Sheila having something in hand against all attacks. At the fifteenth, for example, Jean chipped dead; but Sheila rolled in a five-foot putt for the half in four and the match 4 and 3.

In the other semi-final, Joan Pemberton, unperturbed, or perhaps even spurred on by Maureen Ruttle's reputation and length, proceeded to play her own game, which round the hole is very good indeed, and from the tee immaculately straight; Maureen could do nothing right for a long time, beyond winning the second in 4 with a glorious pitch five feet past the pin, and halving the seventh in 3. Joan was 4 up and 5 to go, to falter badly, but scrambled home with a fine putt at the eighteenth.

IN the final, positions were reversed, Joan struggling all the way and visiting a large share of bunkers. Sheila Stroyan seemed set for victory all the way: when it looked as if, for the first time, she would fail to get out in the thirties, down went a six-yard putt for her 4 at the ninth, and 39 out. After that Joan fought well, but Sheila ran down another long putt for her 4 at the fifteenth, and that was that, all over except the prize-giving, at which Miss Pam Barton officiated so charmingly.

It was seven years ago that Miss Barton and her sister took Stoke by storm, five since she had made her last appearance there, beaten in the semi-final by Miss Jessie Anderson, and it was good to hear her very hearty approval of the Girls' as a "preparatory school" for the bigger events. Remembering her own subsequent record, and Miss Anderson's, Miss Enid Wilson's, and many more Girl "Champs," nobody could argue the point.

Joan Pemberton carried off the Stoke Court Cup, Elizabeth Price the Craig Cup for scratch bogey, with a really fine return of 1 up; Lally Vagliano the sealed conditions.

And I carried home, beside a host of delightful impressions of promising golfers, a glorious addition to my library, for which I do hope any girls who had gone home before will accept my most delighted thanks. They are a lovely memento of a real good week.

Morag Morrison (Prestonfield) fell victim—by 5 and 3—to the ultimate winner in the third round. She can play next year

Maureen Ruttle (Ferndown) was a semi-finalist, lost by one hole to Joan Pemberton, is just over sixteen

Sonia Swinburne-Johnson (Stoke Poges), in her last Girls' Championship, was beaten 4 and 3 in the second round by Jean McIntyre

Margaret Long (Eaton, Norwich) and Pamela Brown (Troon) both lost their first matches, to Dorothy Frame, a subsequent last-eight player, and Ann Krabbé respectively. For both it was their last Championship

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Autumn more than any other season is a time for wearing tweeds, and this year has brought an exceptionally varied choice of colours and weaves. The alliance between plain and fancy fabrics is as strong as ever, and we shall see many combinations in checks and stripes. A youthful ensemble costing fourteen guineas from the sportswear department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, is shown on the right. The skirt and cape are in a plain olive-green tweed flecked with the burnished tints of autumn leaves, while the close-fitting jacket is checked in the same warm colours. Check facings are introduced on the cape which swings jauntily and is padded on the shoulders. Cyclamen retains its popularity, and is particularly effective with black or navy. In the same department Harrods are showing a suit with a knife-pleated pinafore skirt in navy blue over a cyclamen wool blouse. The close-fitting jacket which completes the outfit is checked in the two colours, navy and cyclamen

Scott Bushe

By Candle Light

Lingerie, like everything else in the world of dress, changes in fashion. New lines appear, colours alter, and fabrics grow more and more diaphanous every year. Walpole's, of New Bond Street, are to be congratulated on their lingerie department which has recently been entirely reorganised. They are showing all the newest ideas in house coats and dressing gowns, as well as ordinary lingerie, all of which should appeal to the bride. The model on the left wears a bias-cut nightdress in heavy washing satin, with a high Empire waist and chiffon brassiere top encrusted with écru lace. It costs 37s. 6d., and is accompanied by an enchanting breakfast jacket in feather marabou for two guineas. This ties at the neck with satin ribbons and is lined throughout with silk. Nightgowns in these salons start from a guinea, and for this price there is a charming model in washing crêpe de Chine cut on the cross and trimmed with satin appliqué flowers. It is obtainable in all pastel colours with matching knickers and petticoat

There is something about a house coat which induces a delightful sense of peace and leisure, always so welcome in this life of rush and bustle. This may be partly due to the fact that it is essentially an informal garment to be slipped on for breakfast or after a tiring day. Walpole's are showing several attractive new designs, including the model on the right which is more of a dressing gown perhaps than a house coat. It is carried out in printed silk tussore with a striking design taken from an old Persian print and reproduced in the original colours. The skirt is cut with a graceful flare, while the shoulders are slightly squared to accentuate the slender hipline. This model costs 69s. 6d. and is also obtainable in plain colours for 59s. 6d. The fashion for pleats is reflected in another house coat in plum-coloured satin, cut with the new long waistline. Panels of pleating springing from well below the hips are introduced in the skirt, while the top part is double-breasted. A really warm dressing gown makes all the difference on a cold winter's night, and Walpole's are showing a man-tailored model in Pyrenean wool for 52s. 6d. with quilted stitching on the collar and cuffs

Scott Bushe

The bystander twins in search of Novelties

The Edwardian trend in dress this season has caused the revival of massive ornaments in the way of brooches and pendants. Jay's, of Regent Street, are showing a beautiful collection of synthetic jewellery, including the handsome bracelet on the right. This is set with diamond brilliants interspersed with aquamarines

You can Palais Glide or Lambeth Walk with the greatest ease in these toeless sandals from Dolcis, of Oxford Street and Brompton Road. They are made in black crêpe with a gold kid flower on the vamp, and an elastic strap across the back which gives with the foot. This makes them delightfully easy and flexible for dancing

A simple and effective way of relieving the severity of a perfectly plain black dress is to wear this necklace of beautifully matched synthetic pearls. There are five graduated rows, and each pearl is tinted a lovely milky shade, always so flattering to a woman's skin. Jay's are showing this necklace in their artificial jewellery department on the ground floor

If your feet are your fortune, make the most of them by wearing Dolcis American shoes which fit like a glove. These criss-cross openwork sandals in black crêpe and gold kid are both unusual and smart. They cost four guineas and are obtainable in white with gold or silver kid

The dress clip on the right recalls one of those complicated instruments which help to swell the sound of a brass band. It is set with diamanté and is a most useful as well as decorative accessory. Jay's have it for three and a half guineas

This charming bridal head-dress, a top-knot in lilies of the valley, has been designed in the flower shop at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It costs 21s. 9d. and could, of course, be copied in other flowers. Below is an idea for evening, just a single green orchid to soften the severity of an Edwardian coiffure

If you have sloping shoulders and a swan-like neck, you must wear a crinoline and pin this spray of roses either across the top of your dress as in the sketch, or at the waist, so that it trails diagonally over your skirt. It costs 18s. 9d. at Dickins and Jones, who specialise in really beautiful artificial flowers

You will need a sumptuous pair of evening gloves for formal occasions this winter, and here are two new designs by Jay's. The pair above are hand-embroidered in coloured silks and cost 29s. 6d., while those on the left are made of black suède, worked with a single silver sequin flower and trailing stalk

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 466)

presents us with amazing reversals of form, but as I write Everton are on top of the world. What is especially significant about their triumphal progress this season is their reliance upon the best old-fashioned methods.

Like Preston North End last year, their tactics are based upon the swift and accurate short pass, and not a single modern theorist can deny that the method is both effective and extremely exhilarating to watch. I doubt whether there has been a more attractive or interesting exhibition of football in London than the first half of the recent Everton-Arsenal match, and Everton's example may set other clubs thinking very profitably.

IN the meanwhile, summer sport has been clinging to its heritage in America, where the lawn tennis championships provided their customary surprises at Forest Hills, a playing arena bristling with devices which minister to the spectator's comfort and entertainment. How valuable, for example, must be the mammoth score-board on which the fortunes of every match in progress are recorded—this is surely an idea which Wimbledon might adopt.

As for the tennis itself, F. X. Shields must have played superbly against J. Bromwich, although he was ultimately worn down and beaten. It is exceedingly difficult to extend the calm and dominant Bromwich; it was also interesting to hear that R. A. Shayes, of Great Britain, pressed R. L. Riggs extremely hard.

Shayes' performance reminds us that it is not necessary to be pessimistic about our lawn tennis.

We have, I am convinced, a number of young players who only need plenty of hard competitive experience to give them at least the chance of reaching the highest rank. I see, by the way, that fifteen-year-old Jean Nicoll did not disappoint those who expect such great things from her, for she won the girls' singles, the girls' doubles and the mixed doubles in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon.

The singles she won 6—0, 6—1, and we shall certainly be hearing of her exploits at Wimbledon again.

Irish Golf Championship

J. R. Mahon (Co. Sligo) was runner-up to J. Bruen, Junior (Cork), in the Irish Amateur Golf Championship, played at Newcastle, Co. Down. Bruen, eighteen-year-old holder of the Irish native title and the Walker Cup sensation of this year, won the thirty-six-hole final by 9 and 8

SINCE we are discussing the young entry I hear of a pair of ten-year-old twins at Eastbourne who undergo daily coaching in stroke production. They have a definite plan of campaign mapped out for them. Until they are twelve they will not be permitted to play a match. Strokes first, then carefully graded match play, and at the age of fifteen they are, I gather, to be unleashed at Wimbledon, presumably to mop up the junior titles.

It is a little tantalising to await the completion of this five-year plan. It is more than a little depressing, in my opinion, to think of it in action. I understand that already these tennis twins show considerable promise, but it would be far happier to think of them enjoying their tennis naturally, even if Great Britain were to lose a couple of champions in the process.

WE have action ahead of us in the boxing world. Whirlwind action at Liverpool on Thursday, when Peter Kane meets Jackie Jurich, of America, for the world fly-weight title. This should be a grand fight, particularly if Kane has no difficulty in making the weight.

Then, on the following Tuesday, there is the Doyle-Phillips explosion, with Doyle recovered from his rib injury, and Phillips coveting a ticket for America if he wins convincingly. There can be no logical prophecies about this affair. My own view is that Phillips ought to win, but that Doyle probably will, and then we shall have something to talk about.

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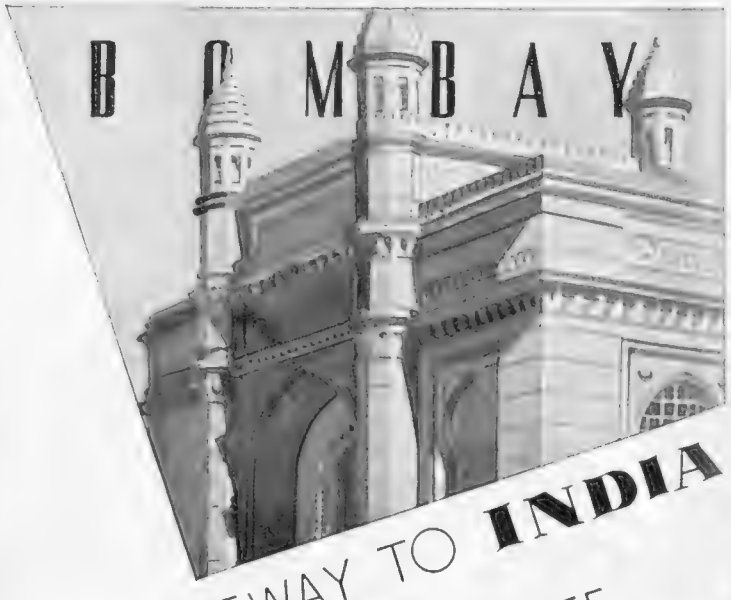

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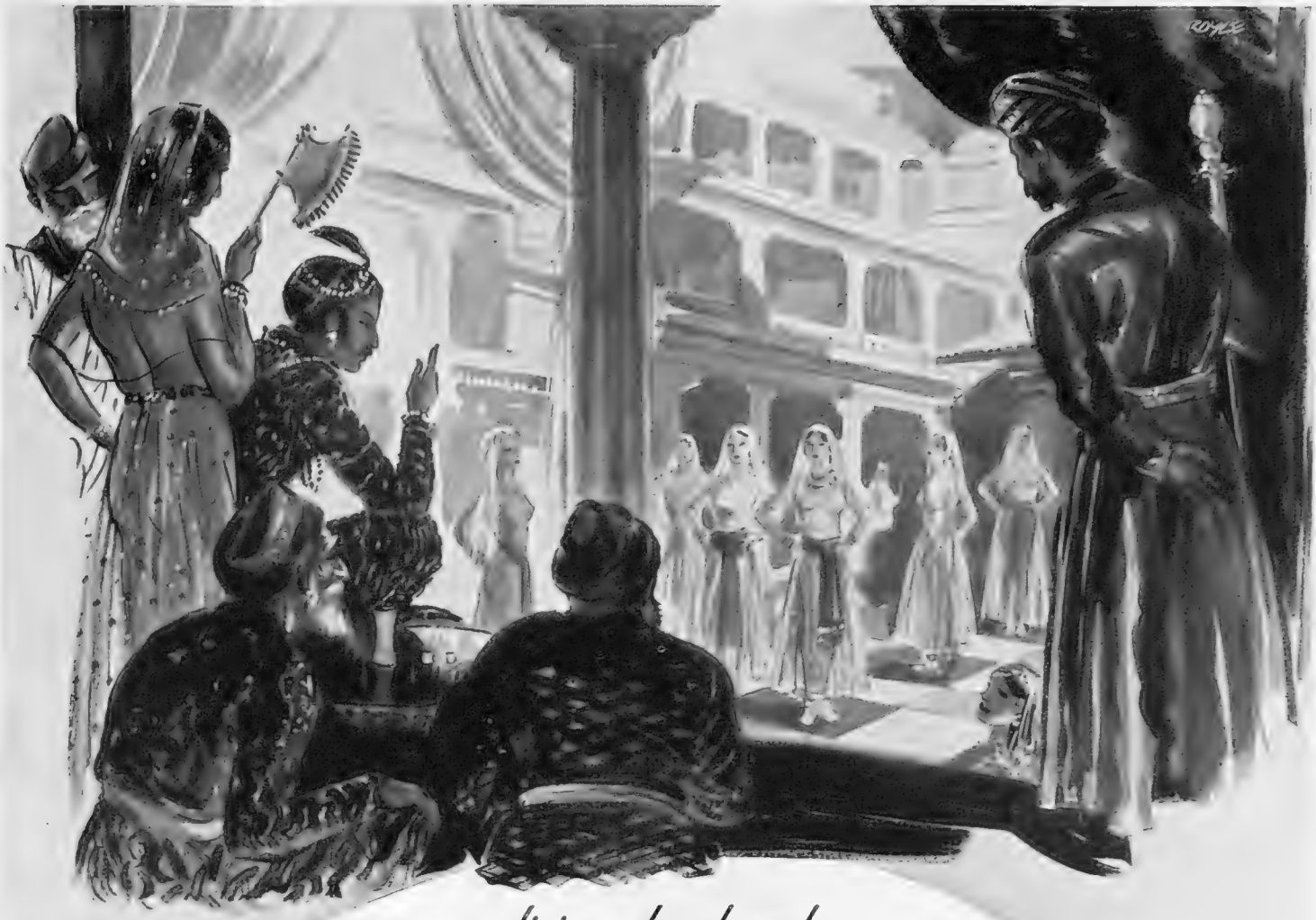

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

I AM informed by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders that their Majesties the King and Queen have again extended the honour of their patronage to the annual Motor Exhibition which enlivens Earl's Court from October 13th to 22nd. This year's Show is the thirty-second in the series and will be opened on October 13th at 11.30 a.m. by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. Following on the innovation introduced last year, the opening day has again been constituted "Ladies' Day," when the privilege of free admission will be granted to one lady in the company of a gentleman presenting a day or season ticket.

To me, not the least interesting thing about this year's Motor Exhibition is the fact that the organisers have at long last lifted their ban on Car Radio exhibits. Hitherto automobile wireless has been denied admission, but such are the strides made by car radio during the past year and so popular and dependable has it now become, that the autocratic S.M.M. and T. has had to admit such exhibits to the Car Accessories section.

IT certainly was tough luck for John Cobb to go out to Bonneville this year with a car on which he was able to improve on last year's Land Speed Record by about 33 m.p.h. and still to be cheated of a new record because Eyston had slipped-in in the meantime and done his astonishing 347 m.p.h. To be within 3 m.p.h. even of that figure is in itself a magnificent achievement, all the more tantalising for the driver because it is "so near and yet so far."

One must hand it to Cobb for his persistence. He and Eyston look like ending up by having a really stirring ding-dong scrap for the coveted record. In the meantime, Ab Jenkins is not having things all his own way with the car he was constructing to have a bang at the Biggest-ever record.

I see from an American motor racing paper before me that "a group of leading business men" in Salt Lake City plan to carry out a drive for funds to enable Jenkins to complete work on his potential Land Speed Record-breaker.

Apparently, Jenkins is about $4000 short of the required amount, and the paper appeals to anyone interested in contributing to the Jenkins fund to throw a copper or two into the kitty. Both Eyston and Cobb have discovered that Land Speed Record-Breaking runs away with the rupees—and they have also discovered that there is a certain amount to be said for the device of maintaining dignity in the process.

WELL, Raymond Mays holds the Shelsley Walsh record once more, and all 's right with the world! His 37·86 seconds ascent certainly was Mays at his most brilliant—and Mays at his most brilliant on Shelsley Walsh is a sight worth travelling many miles to see. Hadley's effort, inevitably, was a stout one (40·49 and 40·05), and his judgment on the S-bend was impeccable.

A newcomer to Shelsley honours was Barry Goodwin who, after a slow first run due to engine trouble, electrified the crowd with an ascent in 40·36 seconds—only 2½ seconds longer than May's new record! Mrs. Petre successfully defended her Ladies' Record title by climbing in 44·83 seconds, which time was not equalled by any other woman driver.

On the day after Shelsley, I went to Donington where an immense crowd of Morris enthusiasts had gathered for all sorts of automobilious fun and games.

"The Autocar"

More Laurels for the E.R.A.

Raymond Mays regained the Shelsley Walsh record from A. P. F. Fane by a hair-raising ascent of the 1000-yard course in 37·86 secs. He drove a two-litre E.R.A.

In point of fact, the Rally was the largest one-make gathering ever held, about 6000 people attending with 2000 Morris cars. A 1913-vintage, bull-nosed Morris won the prize for the oldest car arriving under its own power, the owner being Mr. W. E. Edgar who had driven his twenty-five-years-old-timer a matter of 120 miles to compete.

A FEW weeks ago, I pleaded in these columns for the inauguration of a Museum of British Transport and now, by a strange coincidence, I have before me a note from the Triumph Motor Cycle concern telling me that, by special request, three of their machines have just been supplied to the Science Museum, South Kensington. The machines represent the stages of motor-cycle design from early days until the period of the Great War. The oldest is a 1904 model; then comes a 1907 type, and finally there is a 1917 War Department mount, as used during the War by despatch riders of the Signal Service. This is excellent in its way, but obviously the Science Museum cannot house all the exhibits which deserve a place in such a Museum, as *I* want to see done. I do hope most earnestly that something can be done about this before it is too late to procure representative exhibits.

WELL, next Saturday it 's Brooklands again and this time the attraction is the Dunlop Jubilee Meeting, organised to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the pneumatic tyre by Irish veterinary surgeon John Boyd Dunlop. Excellent entries have been received for the nine races which comprise the programme, and the Continental challenge is tremendously strong. In all, the prize money amounts to £1200—a reasonable "purse"—and as a consequence well over 200 entries have been received, including many Continental "cracks." The programme looks to be exceptionally interesting and should be productive of an excellent afternoon's sport.

More Refinements for the Vauxhall

This new Vauxhall "Ten" saloon has been improved in such details as bumpers, tyres and upholstery. The engine and clutch have also been smoothened

THE CHEAPEST *Real* MOTORING THAT MONEY CAN BUY

VAUXHALL 10 *four*

£168

40 M·P·G

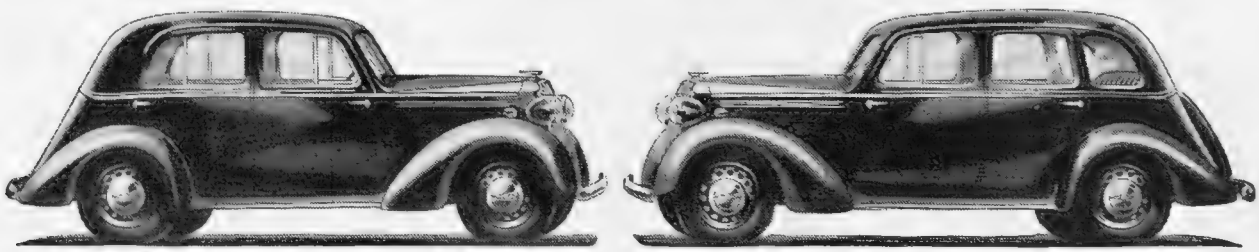
✷

VAUXHALL 12 *four*

£189

35 M·P·G

The outstanding feature of each of these Vauxhalls is the unusual combination of roominess, performance, comfort and economy. The 10-four provides the cheaper motoring; the 12-four costs slightly more to run, but it is an appreciably bigger car. We do not suggest that you buy either, but we do ask you to try *every* other Ten (or Twelve) before making your choice.



● **PERFORMANCE:** 10 h.p., 0 to 50 m.p.h. in 22.5 seconds. Maximum 60-65. 12 h.p., 0 to 50 m.p.h. in 21.9 seconds. Maximum 65-68 ● **ECONOMY:** 40 m.p.g. and 35 m.p.g. respectively. **INDEPENDENT SPRINGING** gives stability, changes riding to gliding ● **ALL STEEL CONSTRUCTION** results in greater rigidity with less weight ● **CONTROLLED SYNCHROMESH** —you can't help making a good change ● **HYDRAULIC BRAKES,** smooth, powerful, easy to apply. **BODY CONFORMITY SEATING** for comfort on the longest journey ● **SOUND INSULATION** built into the cars under the direction of an acoustics specialist ● **NO DRAUGHT VENTILATION** on de luxe saloons. Many other features,

VAUXHALL

Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer, or, write for catalogues to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

Over the Top by Air

By Charles Ward

The Shadow of Wings

IT was a fortnight ago that I referred to the poor deal enjoyed by civil aviation since rearmament became the order of the day, and the tendency to concentrate on defence must increase until the situation in Europe is defined. Perhaps private aviation would be a more exact term, for many departments of civil aviation—research, aerodrome construction, the training of fit men and women to fly—are so closely allied to the Service side that they can meet both purposes. The shadow of wings over a frontier is giving everyone the jitters, for the first blow will be struck from the air and no one knows whether or when to expect it. Whatever the opinions of Haig and Foch may have been in 1910, the value of aircraft for defence and offence has been proved abundantly during recent troubles and we are making no mistake to-day in concentrating all our energies to create a supreme R.A.F. The right balance between defence and striking forces is difficult to achieve. The old maxim about the best form of defence being attack seems unreal to us, for we have no desire to attack anyone. Instead, we are more concerned with erecting such a barrier round England that no other country will risk raiding us. The object of coercing the civil population is the only excuse for indiscriminate raids such as those which have taken place over China and Spain. Invasion by air is out of the question altogether. One point in the present crisis seems to have received little attention: Czechoslovakia has a powerful air force of its own—at least 1000 aircraft and a sufficiency of skilled personnel to handle them.

Cheaper Travel

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS has made travel cheaper to all airports east of Karachi. Reductions take effect from the beginning of next month and are in the order of twenty per cent. From London to Italy or Egypt, the fare remains the same, presumably with the object of discouraging short-stage passengers. The Egyptian rate already compares favourably with that by rail and sea, first-class, bearing in mind that travel time is reduced by more than half. The fare to Hong Kong, as an example, will be £135, instead of £160. Air France announces its extension to this Far Eastern port, 'planes leaving London each Wednesday and arriving on the same day next week, where connection is made with the "China Clipper" for the Philippines, Honolulu and San Francisco. At home, licences are now required for air transport services. Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, first Chief of Civil Aviation appointed by the Air Ministry in 1919, is one of three Commissioners to administer the new Order.

"Straightaway"

PEACEFUL penetration into the field of airport and flying school operation continues to be made by the Straight Corporation. Exeter and Ipswich centres have been specially in the news this summer. The Miles "Magister," the "Whitney Straight" and the de H. "Hornet Moth" are standard trainers at the nine schools of the group. In addition, there are air lines from Weston to Cardiff — nearly 2000 passengers were carried on this route during the first week of the month—from London to Ramsgate and from Ipswich to Clacton. From Somerset to South Wales, there is a twice-weekly service between Weston, Cardiff and Swansea, scheduled to fly throughout the winter. The Civil Air Guard is specially welcomed at "Straight" schools. Existing club premises will be reserved for club members, but of course Air Guards can join by being elected in the normal manner.

South Africa by Royal Dutch

ON December 9th, a "Douglas" air-liner of the latest type will leave England for Pretoria, arriving on the 15th, and the return journey will be made in time for passengers to celebrate New Year in Europe. The journey is in connection with a South African centenary of a victory over the Zulus. Ten passengers can be accommodated at a return fare of £170 a head, including all meals and hotels. Outward bound, the liner will follow the Imperial overland route, but the return flight will be made via the shorter and less frequented West Coast route, with landings in the Congo, French and British West Africa, the Sahara and Portugal. The "Douglas" D.C.3 is the most modern liner used by K.L.M., and is staffed by a crew of five. Speed in normal operation approaches 180 miles an hour. Mails leaving Amsterdam for the Far East on the 10th were already at Bushire on the Persian Gulf on the following afternoon, which gives some indication of the fast schedules maintained by this type.

Ships of the desert: the joys of yachting are experienced throughout the year in Egypt. N.C.O.s and airmen of the R.A.F. have their own clubs, to which officers are invited as guests. Hulls and chassis are built of old aircraft parts

Personalities Aloft

IN these hectic days, almost everyone flies to save time. The air-liner is a most democratic vehicle, sharing a distaste for class prejudice with the London bus or Tube train. Seats can be reserved in the air, but there is only one "class." You may find yourself next to a Cabinet Minister or a foreign Ambassador on any journey to or from the Continent. Count Grandi favoured Imperials for his return to England, and Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador, with several of his children, used Air France for their curtailed holiday on the Riviera. Sir Alfred Beit and Mr. Lindsay Everard are two Members of Parliament who have been touring Europe in their own 'planes. Lord Gort, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Lord Lloyd, both distinguished soldiers over fifty years of age, are keen and skilful pilots. Lord Lloyd is Honorary Air Commodore of No. 600 Auxiliary Fighter Squadron. A popular appointment in the Trade is that of Neville Stack as chief test pilot to Austins. He returned from Turkey in August, having spent several months instructing and advising on the organisation of civil air lines.

A likely single-seater for Air Guards. Designed by Mr. Slot, of Holland, this miniature pusher is extremely easy to fly and cheap to operate

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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A HANDSOME TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in a novelty fancy wool. The Box-Coat — with inverted pleats is luxuriously trimmed with Sable-squirrel. The Frock is trimmed with gold-tissue embroidery. Moss-green, Burgundy, Brown, Forest-green. PRICE **16½** Gns.

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(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

The Autumn Collection of Paris and Jay's Original Model Coats and Dresses are now being shown on the First Floor

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pryce-Jones — O'Shiel

Captain Sir Victor Pryce-Jones, only son of the late Colonel Sir Edward and Lady Pryce-Jones, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, married Syra Roantree O'Shiel at St. Simon's, Putney. She is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Francis O'Shiel, of Omagh, Co. Tyrone

Lamont — McPherson

Captain John David Lamont, R.A., son of the late Captain Lamont and Mrs. Lamont, of 32, Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea, and Margot McPherson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McPherson, of 28, Lancaster Gate Terrace, W.2, were married at St. James's, Sussex Place

Cater — Burnett

John Cater, son of the late John McIlvaine Cater and Mrs. Cater, of Manor Fields, married Betty Burnett at St. Aidan's, Bamburgh, Northumberland. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Napier Burnett and Lady Burnett

d'Arcy — Marcon

Leslie Fellows d'Arcy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. d'Arcy, of Bridgnorth, Shropshire, married Ruth Marcon at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens, S.W. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Marcon, of Binfield, Berkshire

Gray — Grant

Queen Mary sent a dressing-case to the bride when the Rev. Kenneth Amphlett Gray, of 11, Upper Camden Place, Bath, married Mary Enid Grant at St. Andrew's, Bath. He is the only son of the late Rev. A. A. Gray and Mrs. Gray, of Beggars Bush, Bathford; she is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. A. R. and the Hon. Mrs. Grant, of Walcot Rectory, Bath

Buckle — Mackay

Lieut. C. E. A. Buckle, R.N., H.M.S. Snapper, only son of the late Captain H. C. Buckle, R.N., and Mrs. Buckle, of 6, Portland Terrace, Southsea, married Helen Mackay at St. Mary's, Bentworth. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mackay, of Thedden Grange, Alton, Hants.

Anderson — Moir

At Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, John Scott Anderson, eldest son of the late Sir John Anderson and Lady Anderson, of Eastcote Place, near Pinner, Middlesex, married Olive Moir, younger daughter of the late H. Moir and Mrs. Moir, of the Berkeley Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens

Greene — Jonas

Lieut. John Dennis Greene, R.N., elder son of the late Judge J. A. Greene, K.C., and Mrs. Greene, of Woodcroft, Hunstanton, Norfolk, and Pamela Katherine Jonas, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, were married at St. Mary's, Fordingbridge

Elkington — MacLagan-Wedderburn

It was a North Berwick wedding at St. Baldred's Church between John David Rew Elkington, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Elkington, of Adbury Holt, Newbury, and Amy Anne MacLagan-Wedderburn, only daughter of the late Dr. L. C. MacLagan-Wedderburn and Mrs. Wedderburn, of Bogangreen, North Berwick

(Continued on page D)

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE

French Riviera–Navirotel Le Trayas (Var) Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with terms.

Houlgate-on-Sea.–Grand Hotel.–Picturesq. Normandy 10 min.fr.Deauville. Sandy Beach. Golf. Ten. Autocars along Coast. Mod. tms.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front.Fac.Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10.With priv. bath £5.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-Park Hotel "Alpenhof."–lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. Com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof). — First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl.–Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10

ITALY

Rome.–Hotel Victoria.–First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff

SWITZERLAND

Burgenstock.–(Lake of Lucerne).–**Le Grand Hotel.**—Holiday resort — Golf — Tennis—Bathing Beach

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs 7.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-

Lucerne. — Hotel Beau-Rivage. — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first-class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

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The Rolex Oyster IMPERIAL *Chronometer. Jewelled with 18 fine rubies: British Stainless Steel: it costs 10 gns. only. Perpetual Model (Self-Winding) Stainless Steel 14 gns.*

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Harlan

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COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161). 6.25 & 9. Mats. Sats. 2.30. Mon. Sept. 19th. ELSIE & DORIS WATERS; EVE BECKE; IVOR MORETON & DAVE KAYE; Quintette du Hot Club de France; Zacchini Trio; Lepomme Sisters; Billy Rolls & Dorothy; Cliff Cook; Collinson & Dean; Hatton & Manners.

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It's probably a place where the sun shines daily. Perhaps you would like a famous chef to prepare special menus. For exercise you would like tennis and golf to be conveniently available and medical baths for health. You would like a 120 ft. sun lounge, the choice of 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, garage, lift, full licence. And you would not want it to be too expensive—say, terms from 4½ Gns. per week. If we have guessed correctly then the Royal Victoria Hotel is the place for you. Write for tariff to-day.

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DEVON. Modern Country House as Residential Hotel. Grounds, Paddock, Stables, Tennis Court, Garage. Accommodation available from October 1. Hunting (3 packs), rough Shooting. Terms from 3½ gns. Apply the Secretary, "Part Lees," Belstone, Okehampton.

REDUCE

Where You Want to Reduce

Discovery of infiltrating oxygen reducing cream — Quickly and safely banishes double chins, and slenderizes big hips, fat waists, legs and arms.

No Medicines—No Dangerous Exercise—No Starvation Diet

Any woman or man who wants to take off fat on any part of the body can now do so quickly and safely. There is no question about this. It is a proved fact.

The discovery of oxygen reducing cream was purely accidental. A famous doctor asked three well-known Colloidal Chemists to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal Chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) These Colloidal Chemists prepared an infiltrating cream which would liberate oxygen when absorbed through the skin. They discovered that whenever the part to be treated was fat this excess weight quickly disappeared. Reducing tests were then made on fat people with amazing results. One woman reduced her neck one inch in a few treatments; another two inches. Still another took off twenty-nine pounds in six weeks. Equally successful results were had in reducing fat wrists, arms, legs, and big hips.

Dermina is safe to use. It is neither a drug nor a medicament, and consequently it is approved by Doctors and Chemists who oppose the use of medicine or drugs for the purpose of quick fat reduction.

Dermina is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed rapidly on the skin. You see the cream disappear at once, leaving a clean light foam on the skin surface. The penetrating cream carries oxygen to the fatty tissues, and in a few days' time this oxygen gradually melts away the excess fat. You get definite results from a single jar in less than 18 days.

Get FREE Booklet "Fat—And How to Get Rid of it"

Write today to **Colloidal Chemists Ltd., (Dept. B/9/4), Regent House, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1,** and we will send you without obligation, complete information about Dermina oxygen reducing cream and free booklet

105A

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste

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White material. For drooping, heavy figures **38/6**

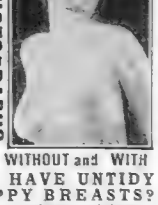
Loose breasts **32/6**

Pink Silk or Net detachable straps. from **52/6**

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements

For small Figures only, in white fine material, **19/6**

Very low back model, **63/-**



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32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Pearl Freeman

Anne Peake Knight

Is engaged to Alan Bazell, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Bazell, of Southolme, West Byfleet, Surrey. She is the only daughter of the late Captain John Peake Knight and Mrs. Wall Row, of 12, West Heath Close, N.W.3

Lenare

Rosamund Price

Will be married in October, in Bankok, Siam, to Otto Franz Stutzel, son of Herr Dr. Karl Stutzel, of Munich. She lives at 21, Half Moon Street, W.1; is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Price, of Culverwood House, Hertford

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Ransome-Wallis

Is engaged to A. G. Bridges, of 1, Artillery Mansions, S.W.1, son of the late Major-Gen. Sir William and Lady Bridges, of Melbourne. She is the daughter of Dr. A. Ransome-Wallis, of Coila, Worksop, and the late Mrs. Ransome-Wallis

Peter North

Diana Reeve-Tucker

Is engaged to Keith M. G. Anderson, youngest son of the late Sir John Anderson, and Lady Anderson, of Eastcote Place, Eastcote. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Reeve-Tucker, of The Grange, Whitchurch, Hereford, and the F.M. States

Catherine Bell

Kathleen Mary Marindin

Is engaged to Robert Cecil, H.M. Consular Service, son of the late Charles Cecil, and Mrs. Jacob, of Gardd, Southbourne, Hants. She is the daughter of the late Col. C. C. Marindin, and Mrs. Marindin, of Onslow Court Hotel, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Pearl Freeman

Phemie McMullan

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Muir McMullan, of Martello, Holywood, Co. Down. She announced her engagement to Peter Kenyon, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kenyon, of Sunningdale, Summerley, Sussex

Bassano

Diana Elms Neale

Is engaged to Alastair S. D. Graesser, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Graesser, of Argoed Hall, Vroncysylite, and Rosehall, Sutherland. She is the daughter of A. Elms Neale, of the Old Vicarage, Hertford, and Mrs. Lionel Etheridge, of Greenlawn, Royston, Herts

Bassano

Pamela Houstoun

Is engaged to E. Peter Wathen, son of the late Major E. O. Wathen, and Mrs. Wathen, of Uplands, Beech, Alton, Hants. Her parents are Major and Mrs. G. L. F. Houstoun, of The Cottage, Beech, Hant

Chalmers — Bardolph

Bennett Gauld Chalmers and Rosemary Elise Bardolph were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, of Aberchirder, Scotland; she is the daughter of Mr. J. T. Bardolph and Mrs. A. E. Bardolph, of 31, Rutland Gate, S.W.7

Rogers — Walker

Captain Maurice Fletcher Heberden Rogers, R.M., son of the Rev. P. H. and Mrs. Rogers, of St. Stephen's Vicarage, Bournemouth, married Vivian Earle Walker at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Walker, of 50, Belvedere Place, Westmount, Montreal

Lord — Worden

John Raymond Calvert Lord, of St. Anne's, and Kathleen Worden, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Worden, of Nanreaves, St. Anne's, were married at Holy Trinity Church, South Shore. The bride's father is a J.P. and chairman of the local Conservative Association, the bridegroom won a Rugger Blue at Cambridg

Bassano

Billie Lawless

Daphne Ann Colette Lawless is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawless, of Rodborough, Woking, Surrey, and is engaged to Richard Pierre de Neuville, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau C. de Neuville, of Webbery, Horsell, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Sybil Ingram-Johnson

Is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Ingram-Johnson, of Kimpton Vicarage, Herts, and is engaged to Charles Carter, son of the late Rev. C. E. J. Carter, and Mrs. Carter. Both she and her fiancé act with the Arthur Brough Players at Leeds Theatre Royal

Pearl Freeman

Mary Elizabeth Hobson

Is engaged to Jack William Dunn Rowlandson, younger son of Col. and Mrs. Rowlandson, of Wildflowers, Budleigh Salterton, Devon. She is the daughter of Alfred Hobson, of Stonecroft, Woodcote, Epsom, and the late Mrs. Hobson

Lenare

Dorothy Fletcher

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. R. Fletcher, of Southridge, Boxmoor, Herts, and is engaged to Surgeon-Lieut.-Com. Bernard Collings, R.N. (ret.), youngest son of Charles d'Auvergne Collings, of The Grange, Guernsey

Catherine Bell

Joan Henry

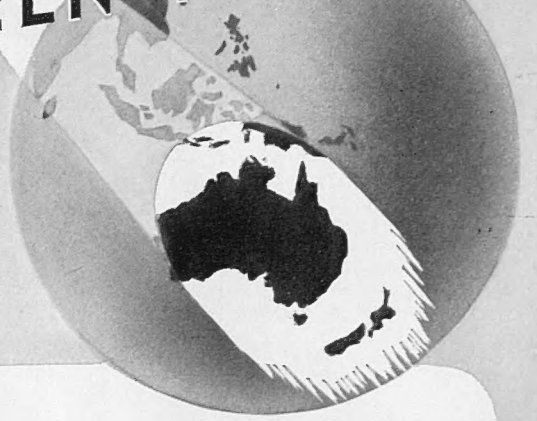
Is engaged to Captain D. L. M. Standage, Royal Fusiliers, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. R. F. Standage, and Mrs. Standage, of Little Roof, Camberley, Surrey. She is the daughter of J. W. Henry, and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Forester, of Decker Hill, Shifnal, Salop, and 24, Stanford Rd., W.8

Catherine Bell

Winifred Mary Britton

Is the only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. E. J. Britton, of Firlands, Weybridge, Surrey. She has announced her engagement to John Harrison, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Harrison, of Fairways, Leatherhead, Surrey

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE ?



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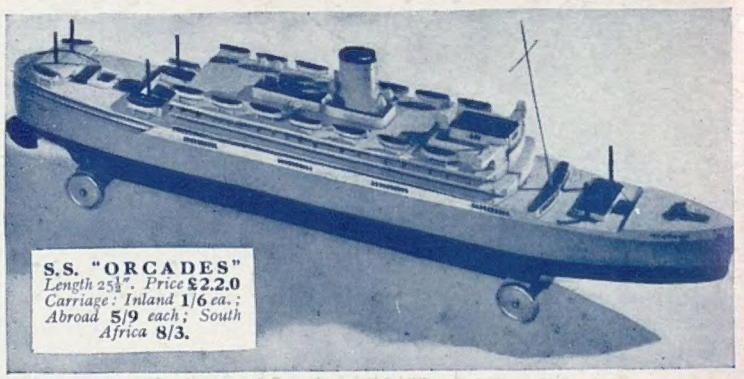

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